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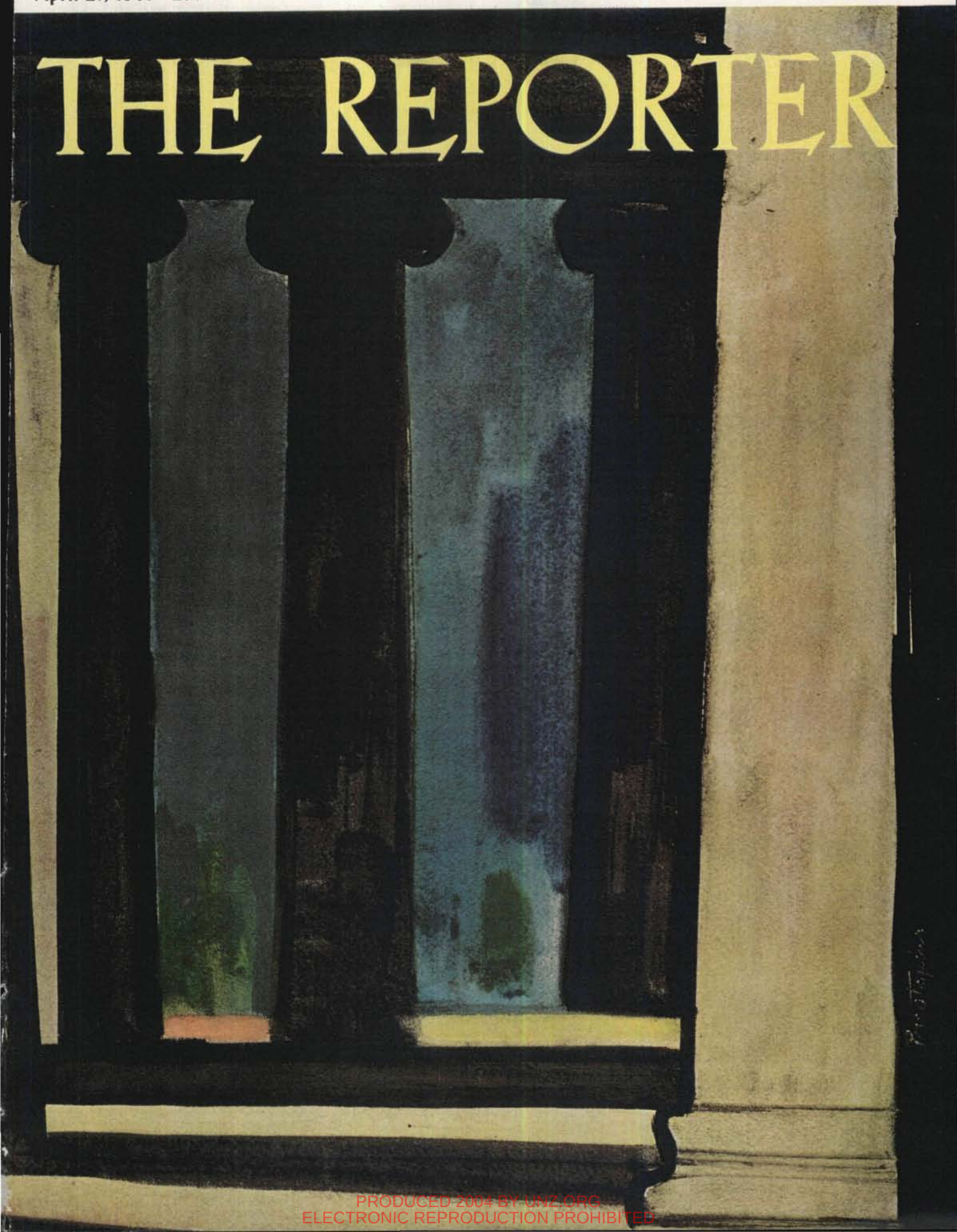
April 27, 1961 25¢

Eichmann's Trial and the New Israelis

THE REPORTER



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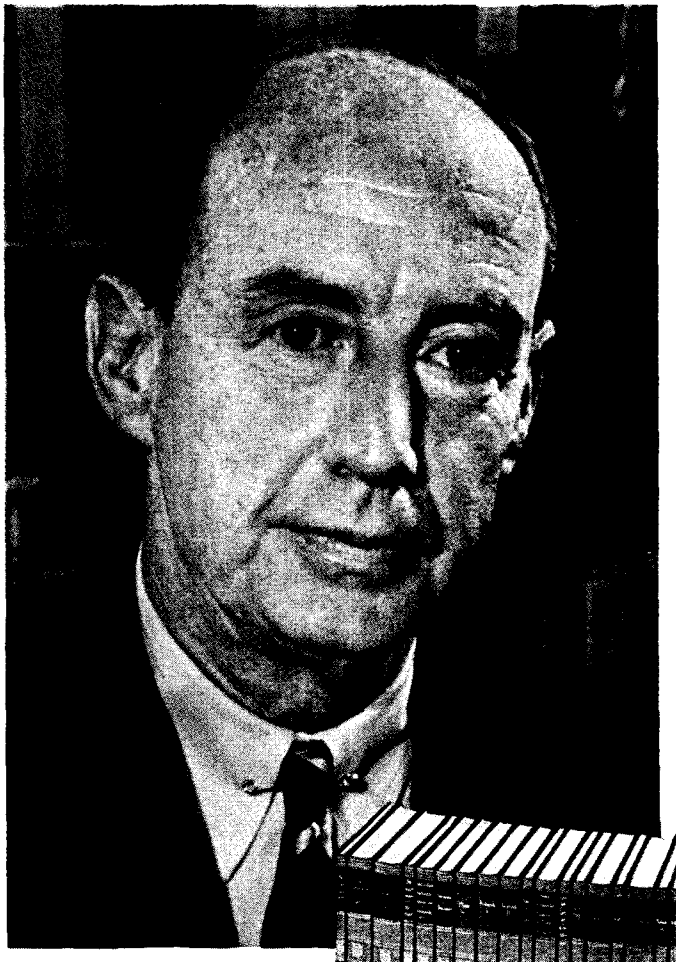

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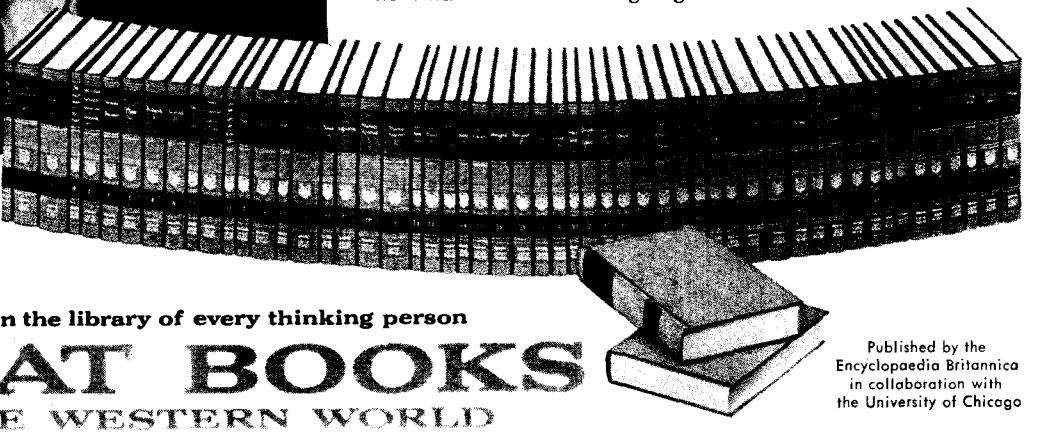

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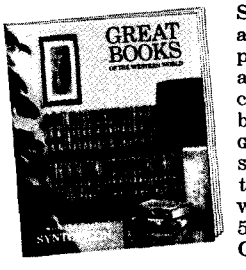

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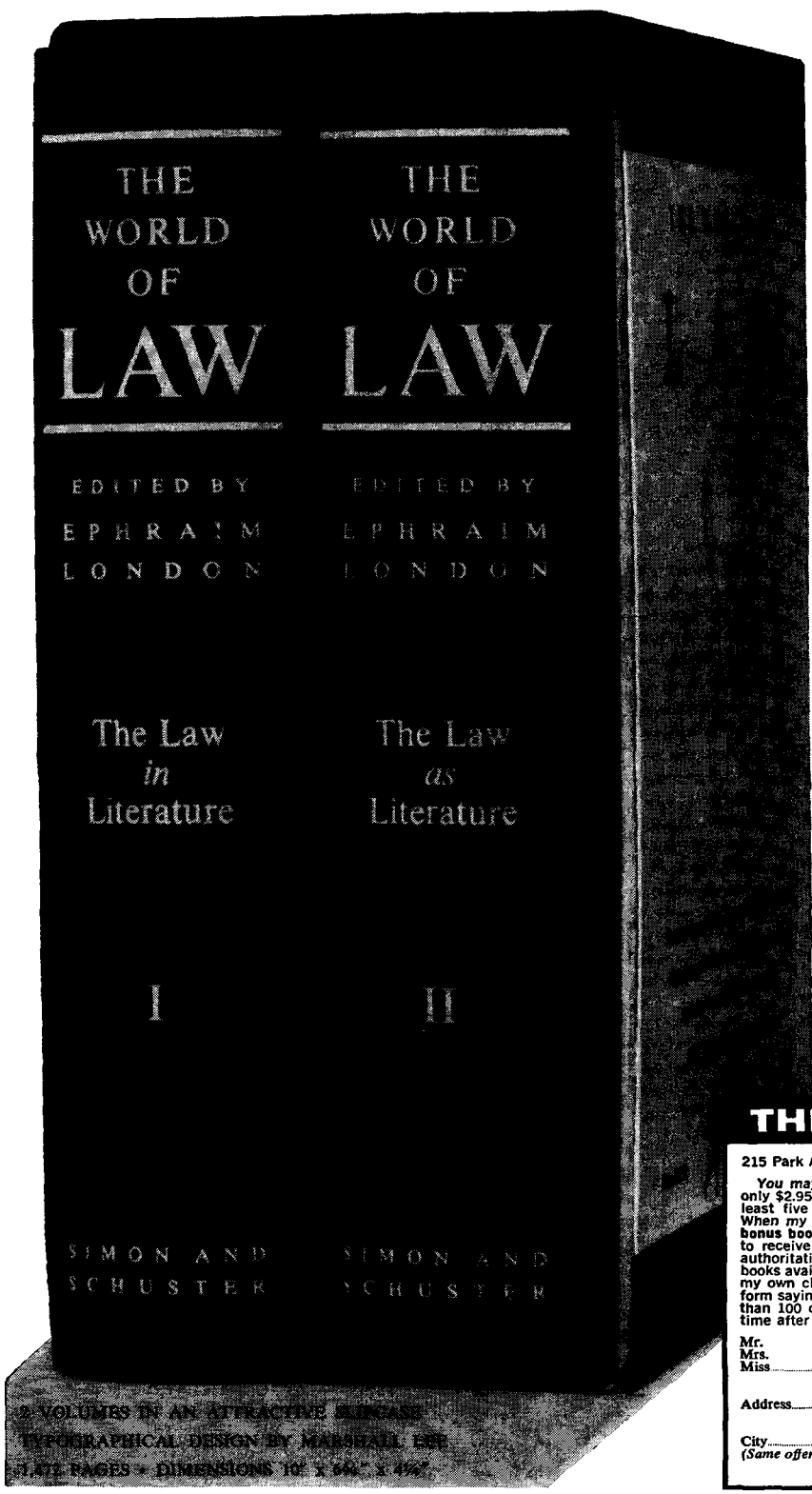

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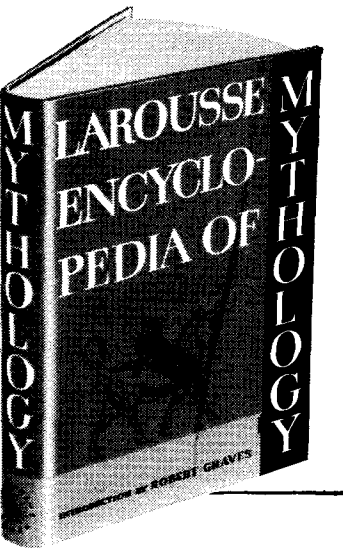

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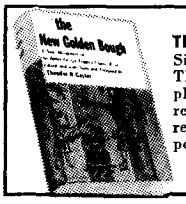

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHEN Yuri A. Gagarin, the world's first space traveler, returned safely to earth in the Soviet Union on April 12, he reported that the sky was dark up there and the earth looked blue. The information came as no great surprise to scientists, or even newspaper readers. The flight itself had long been predicted, and frankly we can see no reason to get unduly excited by it. The poor people of the Soviet Union need such stunts in order to be occasionally reconciled to the dreariness of their lives. But we suspect that many of them are not, and as to Major Gagarin, one of the questions we would most like to ask him is not what he saw up there but whether he has ever read *Doctor Zhivago.* At any rate, in both the two articles about the new journeys men may take and in **Max Ascoli's** editorial, which is a variation on the same theme, it is clear that our interest in the space race is, to put it conservatively, very modest. As **Stuart H. Loory,** a science writer for the New York *Herald Tribune,* points out, many scientists, while admitting the compulsion to adventure that will drive man to continue his flights toward the stars, nevertheless argue that for some time we shall learn far more from the instruments we send into space than from spacemen. . . . The article by **L. A. DuBridge** is excerpted from a speech he made to the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco on February 24. Dr. DuBridge is president of the California Institute of Technology.

Alfred Kazin, who recently visited Israel, discusses some of the implications and aims of the trial of Adolph Eichmann in Jerusalem. . . . University education in England has always been a privilege of the few. Even today the great majority of the English end their education at the secondary-school level—which is itself divisible into grammar-school level (again for the few) and an uneven assortment of modern and technical schools. Now, however, more and more English students are demanding a university education. **John Rosselli** had his college education in this country and now resides in England, where he is a member of the editorial staff of the *Guardian.* . . . In the spring the New York State assemblyman's fancy turns to thoughts of adjournment, and he settles down manfully to a few days of frantic activity in order to catch up with the hundreds of bills that are awaiting his considered opinion. **Mel Elfin,** an assistant editor at *Newsweek,* reports on the annual fever in Albany, during which bills are passed or rejected in a matter of seconds. . . . **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, discusses the "candid glimpses" of President Kennedy at work that have recently been available to the nation's television viewers. Mr. Cater has won a special award, created by the George Polk Memorial Awards Committee of Long Island University, for "bringing clarity to the complexities of big government." . . . The conference at Geneva for a treaty to ban nuclear-weapons tests has been going on for so long that it has achieved an air of permanence. But as **Daniel Schorr** writes, the negotiations have reached a point where it is questionable whether there is going to be a treaty at all. Mr. Schorr is CBS correspondent in West Germany and Central Europe. . . . **Stanley Karnow,** who is with the China and Southeast Asia bureau of *Time-Life,* reports from Bangkok on Dean Rusk's handling of the SEATO negotiations there last month. . . . **William Francois** is assistant professor of journalism at Marshall University in Huntington, West Virginia.

Jeremy Azrael, a political scientist, and his wife, **Gabriella,** an editor and translator, recently returned to this country after living in the Soviet Union for a year. . . . **Oliver Pilat** is on the staff of the New York *Post.* . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . Among **Elizabeth Bowen's** novels are *Death of the Heart* and *Heat of the Day* (Knopf). . . . **Nat Hentoff** contributes regularly.

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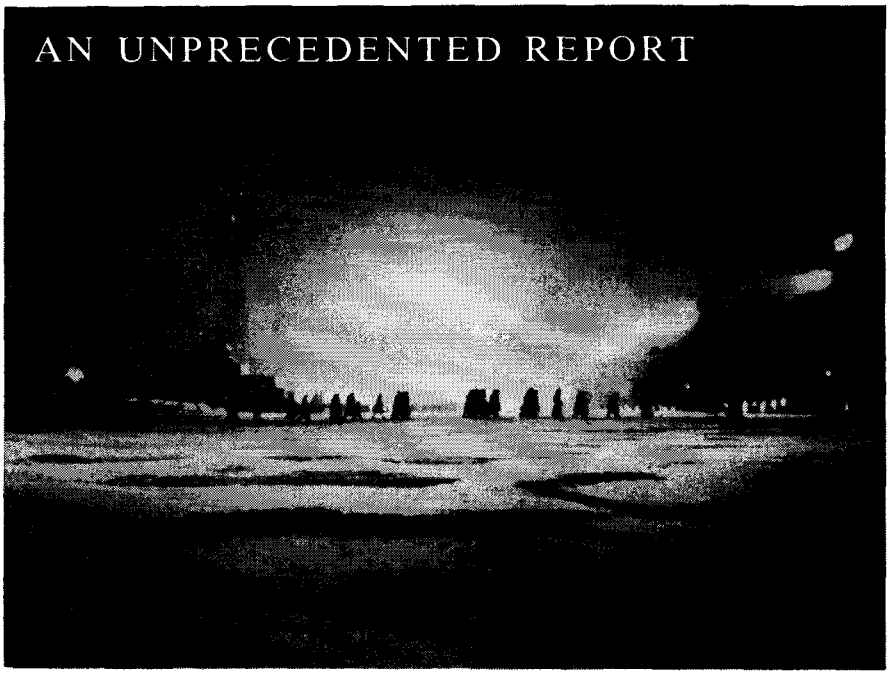

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CORRESPONDENCE

SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS

To the Editor: I must say that Maya Pines's article in the March 16 issue of *The Reporter*, entitled "A Little Extra Push," is giving just that for the school volunteer program. It was not only readable and hopeful, but it was genuinely inspiring.

A growing number of adults are making valuable contributions to our public schools on a voluntary basis, and I expect more to come forward during the coming year.

I wish to thank *The Reporter* for a highly encouraging and constructive piece of work.

JOHN J. THEOBALD
Superintendent of Schools
New York City

POLLUTION AND POLITICS

To the Editor: William L. Rivers's article "The Politics of Pollution" (*The Reporter*, March 30) is a sober, factual statement of a situation that is getting worse all the time. In my opinion, nothing will happen to improve this situation until we completely reverse the present policy of using our streams to the maximum capacity as sewers and commence to approach it with the idea of keeping wastes entirely out of our waters. Pure clean water is becoming more and more important every day, and we will have to face up to the fact that it is too valuable for domestic, industrial, agricultural, and recreational purposes to be used any longer as a convenient way of disposing of waste. I believe Mr. Rivers's article will contribute to arousing the public and I am very much delighted to see it.

IRA N. GABRIELSON, President
Wildlife Management Institute
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: My comments on some of the statements contained in Mr. Rivers's article are as follows:

¶ Mr. Rivers writes: "The resistance of industry to enforcement actions is growing . . ." Actually, there is a great accumulation of evidence of widespread co-operation by industry with regulatory agencies.

¶ No data or authorities are cited to substantiate the statement that ". . . the nation's industries are by far the worst polluters, dumping twice as much waste as the municipalities," and the record of some of our leading American industries casts considerable doubt as to its validity. For example, the pulp and paper industry has doubled its production in recent years but has lowered its total wastes. It should be pointed out that pathogenic organisms are not prevalent in industrial wastes as they are in municipal wastes. This is a highly complex field in which generalizations can easily be fallacious.

¶ Mr. Rivers seems to imply that

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there is something reprehensible about suggesting that a National Conference on Water Pollution "be devoted to success stories of municipalities and industries that had solved their [water pollution] problems." This is highly illogical. The hearsay reporting that the "N.A.M. spokesmen 'flew into rages'" is highly amusing. Although I pressed the point that one of the best ways to teach is by example, Mr. Rivers's informant has confused vigorous debate with rage, which would belie my jovial nature. . . .

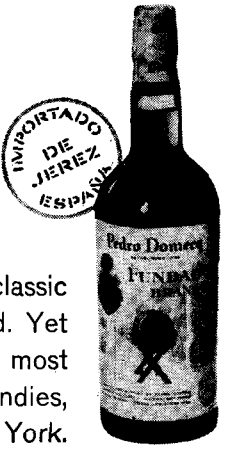
¶ I believe it would be only fair to set forth the context in which I "pressed for a recommendation that the nation's waterways should be only 'as clean as is economically feasible'"—including the fact that representatives of other groups concurred in my thought. My original statement was: "I also have some question about the language contained in the recommended national credo. I believe it contains the phrase 'as nearly clean as is technically possible.' And I particularly wonder about that in connection with the financial burden that this may impose upon the municipalities of the country. I am wondering if this is meant to suggest a requirement that municipalities may be required to up their B.O.D. removal from 85 to 90 per cent to 95 or 99 per cent, or just what is this technical perfection to which the municipalities will be required to comply, apparently regardless of cost to the local taxpayers?"

¶ My own recollection (and that of others) is that there was no substantial drop in attendance on the final day of the conference. The Washington *Post* reported that seventy per cent of those present voted against extension of Federal enforcement authority, and five per cent voted in favor. It is important to keep in mind that opposition to Federal enforcement activities in purely intrastate situations does not mean opposition to vigorous abatement programs.

DANIEL W. CANNON
Committee Executive
Conservation Committee
National Association
of Manufacturers
New York

To the Editor: The article comes at a most opportune time, since we are presently considering H.R. 4036, H.R. 4037, and H.R. 4038 to increase the amount of grants to states and municipalities for construction of sewage abatement works and to strengthen enforcement. Although the chances of enactment look bright, it appears that unless those interested in legislation of this kind will exert more effort, our fight will be much harder and the possibility of amendments will be much greater.

I want to commend *The Reporter* for this article and the author for his work to improve the health and well-



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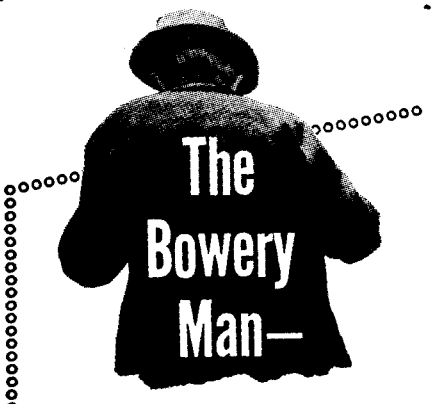

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being of every American. Unless Americans become aware of the danger of water pollution, the prospects are that not only will we have a severe water shortage on our hands but we will have more and more health problems from the running sores that are and will be our streams and rivers.

JOHN D. DINGELL
U.S. House of Representatives

To the Editor: Mr. Rivers managed a very neat 180-degree twist in the meaning of a few words of ours he quoted.

Commenting on St. Joseph's defeat of yet another sewerage bond vote, he put it this way: "The voters rejected it again, this time more decisively, prompting a newspaper to applaud them for 'pioneer independence and be damned if they aim to stand still while some bureaucrats in Washington tell them what to do.'"

Our original went like this: "We wonder what St. Joseph hopes to accomplish . . . Could it be that St. Joseph voters are clinging to some shred of pioneer independence and be damned if they aim to stand still while bureaucrats in Washington tell them what to do? That might have a certain measure of sentimental appeal, though there are better freedoms to fight for than the freedom to pollute the rivers."

JAMES B. SULLIVAN
Senior Editor
Engineering News-Record
New York

To the Editor: It is my opinion that Mr. Blatnik and Senator Kerr will get together on a compromise in regard to their bills. I am optimistic on the outlook. Of course, I am mindful of the fact that [certain groups] will always be on hand with their philosophy, which is that it is socialism for the government to help a municipality or some poor benighted soul, but it's free enterprise to help industry make bigger profits. It is incumbent upon the rest of us to have the courage to stand fast, so that we can save them from their own folly, and thereby save the nation.

J. V. WHITFIELD, Chairman
State Stream Sanitation Commitee
Wallace, North Carolina

To the Editor: Mr. Rivers has done an excellent job of outlining the need and describing the picture confronting Congress as we take this issue up.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
U.S. Senate

'MAY-RY'

To the Editor: Hortense Calisher's short story "May-ry" (*The Reporter,* March 30) provides a magnificent insight into the South's delusional system. I would not construe the writer's intent as sociological, but speaking as an emancipated white Southerner, I declare that she has touched the very heart of the matter.

ANDREW RAMSAY
Richmond, Virginia

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In May . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

Reports on major news developments
(Consult local program listings.)

"The Joke and the Valley"
Thomas Mitchell and Keenan Wynn in a prize-winning drama of ironic justice.
Friday, May 5 (8:30-10 PM)

"The Accused"
Patricia Neway in an original opera.
Sunday, May 7 (11:30 AM-Noon)

"ABC Close-Up!"
Two documentary studies of Kenya.
Tuesday, May 9 (10-10:30 PM) and
Tuesday, May 16 (8:30-9 PM)

"Woodrow Wilson and the Unknown Soldier"
Drama with newly found films of World War I.
Saturday, May 13 (9:30-10 PM)

"Return to the Stone Age"
Primitive life in Northeastern Australia.
Tuesday, May 16 (7-7:30 PM)

"Emmy Awards"
National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences' annual presentation.
Tuesday, May 16 (10-11:30 PM)

"Wonders of the Water Worlds"
Seas, lakes and rivers and their inhabitants.
Sunday, May 21 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"Yalta"
The Big Three plan German occupation and treatment of war criminals.
Sunday, May 21 (10:30-11 PM)

"NBC White Paper No. 6"
Documentary on the crisis of the railroads.
Tuesday, May 23 (10-11 PM)

EARLY WARNING SYSTEM

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ircle Theatre"
iramatized report on college admissions.
dnesday, May 24 (10-11 PM)

obody Here But Us Martians"
original drama by Rod Serling.
day, May 26 (10-10:30 PM)

aris in the Twenties"
e Lost Generation in the City of Light.
iday, May 28 (6:30-7 PM)

lot So Long Ago"
b Hope narrates highlights of the years
5 to 1950.
esday, May 30 (10-11 PM)

amous"
die Albert stars in an adaptation of Stephen
ncent Benet's story.
ednesday, May 31 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

ndays:	Meet the Professor Washington Conversation Accent Roundup USA Issues and Answers Meet the Press The Twentieth Century Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
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ridays:	Eyewitness to History
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Prosperity's Real Test

The disease of unemployment, according to the experts, comes in three forms. There is *frictional* unemployment, which includes workers who are in the process of changing jobs or are otherwise absenting themselves more or less normally from the labor force. This kind of unemployment goes on in boom or bust and is generally considered a "good thing," since labor mobility is essential in a modern economy. Then there is *cyclical* unemployment, a "bad thing" that comes with recessions but goes when the economy moves from half steam to full steam ahead. Finally, there is *chronic* or *structural* unemployment, when workers lose their jobs without any reasonable prospect of getting them back. Some of these unfortunate people are described in the article about West Virginia coal miners on page 38 of this issue. Chronic unemployment may occur because of automation, factories moving to new locations, import competition, racial discrimination, or a number of other things. It is a "very bad thing" for which no one has yet discovered an entirely adequate remedy.

Now that the current recession finally seems to be "bottoming out," as the ugly jargon puts it, economists in government and out are turning their full attention to chronic unemployment. The first really educated guess about the dimensions of this problem has been presented by the highly authoritative National Planning Association, which estimates that there may now be as many as two million chronically unemployed out of the five million-odd officially listed as unemployed. As recently as 1953, according to N.P.A., the chronically unemployed numbered less than half a million.

Today's two million chronically unemployed won't get jobs even if the recent recession proceeds into a new boom this year or next. "It is a sobering fact," N.P.A. concludes, "that the recovery periods over the past ten years, far from solving the problems of chronic or structural unemployment, have mainly succeeded in masking its extent and seriousness."

Who are the chronically unemployed? A lot of them live in seventeen officially designated depressed areas concentrated in eight Northeastern and Midwestern states. They can be found in all age groups, though they bulk large as a percentage of the labor force over forty-four years old. A Negro has twice as good a chance of being included as a white man has, and those with only a grade-school education are found more frequently than those with more schooling. A statistically significant number are found among low-income farm families.

If the figures for chronic unemployment were not increasing, one could simply call it the margin of those who have not yet caught up with the general prosperity of the rest of the nation. But N.P.A.'s study shows that technological advance and economic change have been filling our pool of poverty much faster than rehabilitation policies are drying that pool up. In fact, we face an entirely new economic problem that brings into question a number of our most hallowed assumptions about what constitutes economic well-being. After all, the savings realized by industrial efficiency must at least be measured against the costs of re-establishing those who have been thrown out of work by industrial efficiency. The real test of the nation's efficiency is its capacity to provide useful and profitable employment for the largest number of its citizens.

The Little People

Part of the fun for Congressional committees investigating subversion has traditionally been the game of establishing a witness's adherence to a party line. It may be a certain lack

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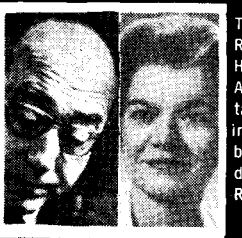

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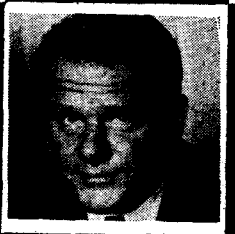

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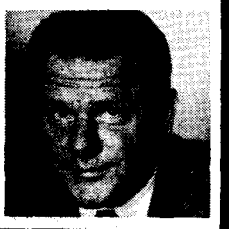

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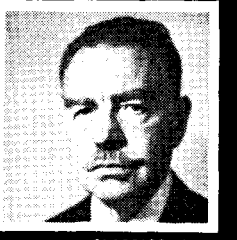

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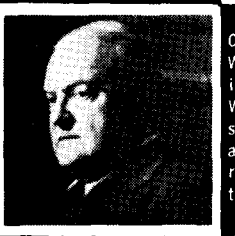

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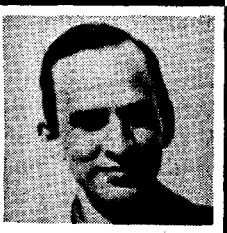

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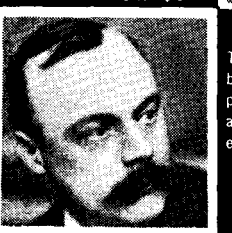

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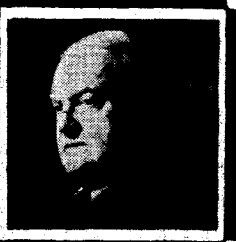

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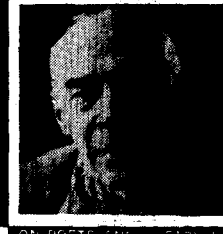

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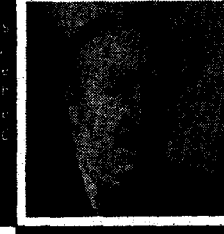

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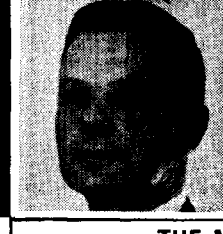

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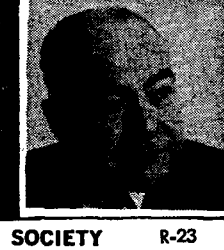

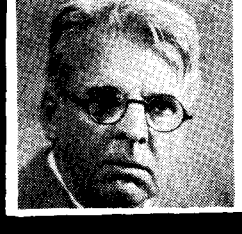

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of subtlety and imagination on the part of members of the John Birch Society in this area that has dampened Congressional enthusiasm for inviting them to Washington to play the game at all, since the Birchites' public statements would seem to provide very little in the way of variations on any theme. Take the question of how they would behave under such an investigation. "Unlike our Communist enemies," Beverly Hills member Paul Talbert said on March 25, "none of our members will take the Fifth Amendment." Six days later, the society's leader, Robert Welch, discussed the subject in Boston. "Unlike our Communist enemies," said he, "none of our members will plead the Fifth Amendment." And how do the members feel about keeping their enrollment secret? A Dallas businessman explained his attitude this way: "Most of our members in Dallas are little people just like I am. Most of these folks could not take a sustained smear attack." At a Washington press conference the same week, Representative Edgar W. Hiestand (R., California) offered the world his view. "Most of our members," said Hiestand, "are little people. They could not withstand a sustained smear attack."

Congressman Hiestand's protective concern for the reputations of others will probably come as a surprise to many who have followed his political career, including one Mrs. Rudd Brown, the Democratic candidate whom he defeated in California's 21st district last fall in a campaign where the chief issue was cogently summed up in a piece of pro-Hiestand literature: "Khrushchev has hinted that it is not necessary for the Reds to defeat us in war, that they will take us by Political Action, a little Socialism at a time. So think before you vote." Among the things California voters were urged to think about were Mrs. Brown's alleged advocacy of appeasement, socialism, and Jimmy Hoffa, not to mention that she seemed "to be using a masculinized name that conceals from many voters the fact that she is a woman." And yet Mrs. Brown was also guilty of association with her husband, Caltech geophysicist Harrison Brown, whom Hiestand described as "writer of a book dedicated 'To Rudd' entitled 'The Challenge of Man's Future' wherein he criticizes [the] religious stand on Birth Control and advocates legal abortion. . . ." Campaigning in local supermarkets, Mrs. Brown reported having to deal with many questions inspired by an active telephone campaign on her opponent's behalf. "Is your husband really a Communist?" she was asked.

While we would be the last to quarrel with the John Birch Society's characterization of themselves as little people, it does seem clear that people of considerably higher stature are no less vulnerable to smear attacks.

The Power of Mr. Passman

President Kennedy, like the God of Calvin, wants to help those nations which help themselves. This is the central theme of the foreign-aid diplomacy the administration has proposed. There will be a carrot in the form of loan commitments extending over several years to those nations willing to set themselves a reasonable development goal and buckle down to reach it with a national-development program, like India's third Five-Year Plan. There will be a stick in the form of reduced "sustaining grants" (i.e., straight budgetary aid) for those nations which rely on shouting "We'll go Communist!" to get their aid and to avoid facing the difficult problems of governing themselves. By consolidating all the paraphernalia of development diplomacy — International Cooperation Administration, Development Loan Fund, Peace Corps, Food for Peace, etc.—in the State Department the administration hopes to make foreign aid a more effective instrument of policy in those new and old nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America where conventional diplomacy offers little hope of bringing about stable and co-operative relations.

Whether Congress will give the President a chance to try out his new policy is another question. Mr. Kennedy wants authority to borrow from the Treasury over the next five years up to $7.3 billion for low-interest, very long-term development loans. Both the borrowing authority and the amount are certain to stir up opposition. The appropriations Committees of Congress, particularly the House subcommittees, are almost as jealous of their sovereignty as the new African nations. Far from even considering such authority in the past, Louisiana's Representative Otto E. Passman, chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee on foreign aid, has used his position to wage a relentless war on the whole idea of foreign aid.

Foreign-aid officials in this administration, as in the last, would dearly love to break Passman's power over their affairs. Mr. Eisenhower, while favoring the idea of long-term borrowing authority, could never quite bring himself to press for it. Mr. Kennedy has served notice that he considers this the most important part of his legislation.

But it will be a close thing at best. Already, this year's crop of books "exposing" the waste in our foreign aid has left the presses, timed to arrive on Congressional desks along

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—Headline in the New York Times

FOLK LAW

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And black is the heart of a city
That threatens my right in a public square
To strum a guitar to a ditty.

Blue is the uniform my true foe wears
And black is the club he is swinging—
The cop gets his payoff and nobody cares
But the singer is picked up for singing.

—SEC

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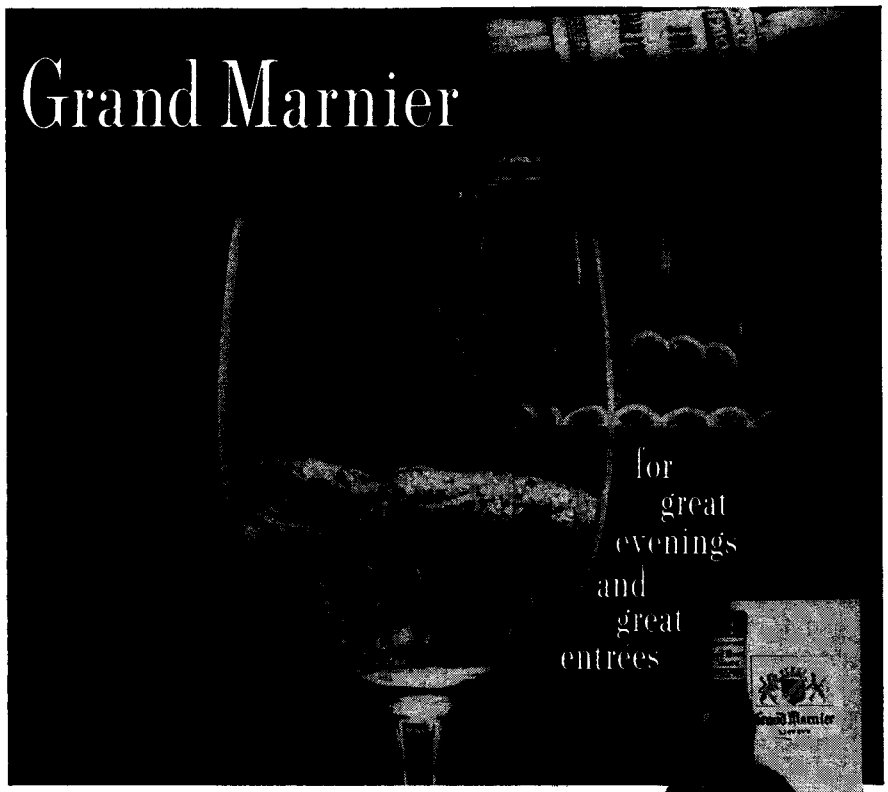
with the foreign-aid bill. Nobody denies that there has been considerable waste and inefficiency in the administration of foreign aid. Ever since the official end of the Marshall Plan in 1952, administration of the program has been in a slow decline. At least four major departments and several more or less independent agencies have had some kind of responsibility. Parkinson's Law has been at work with a vengeance. Confusion and conflicting jurisdictions have taken a terrible toll in morale. No small cause for the waste, however, lies with Congress itself. The annual pitched battles between Passman and the administration have meant that nobody could ever look ahead beyond the magic date of June 30 when the fiscal year ends. Officials had every incentive to get rid of their money in order to prevent Passman from deducting any carryover from the next year's request—a device he has employed regularly.

The House Appropriations Committee as a whole hardly ever meets to study the findings of its subcommittees and the House as a whole very rarely reverses or amends the committee's recommendations. It is this abdication of responsibility that gives men like Passman their power.

To get borrowing authority for foreign aid, the President is clearly going to have to appeal over Congress's head, and there is no certainty of success even then. The wording of the foreign-aid message did nothing to enhance the new administration's reputation for effective literary persuasiveness. It is doubtful that many citizens will write their Congressmen to vote for aid because it will "help launch the economies of the newly developing countries 'into orbit.'"

Newsworthy

"The Peace Corps program is a PR [public relations] activity. . . . Provision should be made at once for *including in every battalion* of the Peace Corps *a PR representative* (who will be remunerated on a basis commensurate with his ability and experience). . . . Unless PR is established as an integral part of the Peace Corps program, it cannot, in our opinion, realize its objective to contribute to world understanding and peace."—*Public Relations News.*



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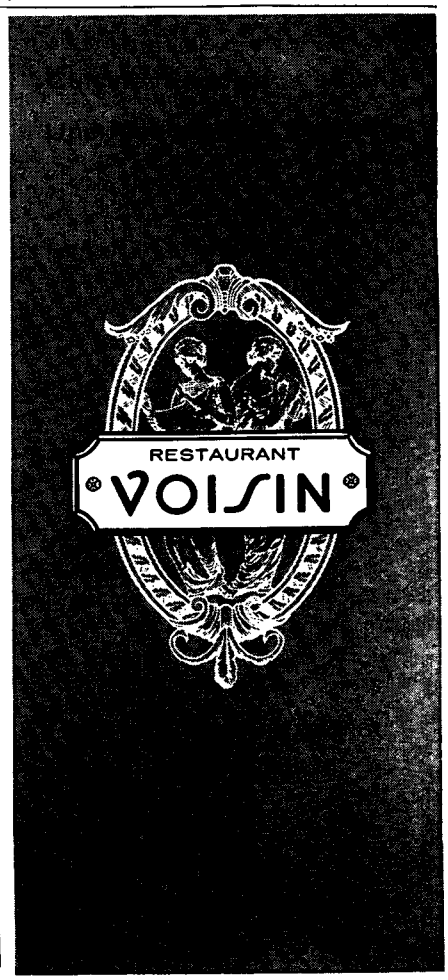

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Which Challenges to Accept?

THE ECONOMISTS have a word for it: they call it oligopoly. A simpler name is imperfect competition. We find ourselves embroiled in a competition of an oligopolistic nature with the Soviets—a competition that is imperfect in more than one sense: we end a little too frequently on the losing side.

In this unending competition we have to face an absolute monopolist, and this by itself should explain why in so many contests, from the Olympics to man in space, on to the fomenting of insurrections in foreign countries, we don't do too brilliantly. It so happens that on our side secrecy is often a public or widely publicized affair, as, for instance, when Cuban anti-Castro fighters are trained under the auspices of some governmental or paragovernmental American agency. As far as we know there have never been pictures in the Russian press of guerrillas being trained to fight in Laos or in Vietnam. Nor has there ever been any soul-searching debate in *Pravda* on the liberties the government of the Soviet Union is accustomed to take with its international obligations.

A total control over the conduct of economic, military, and political affairs of the Communist bloc like that exerted by the Kremlin is by definition exempt from accounting. It sets its own targets according to its own priorities within a given span of time. If things go wrong, if the predetermined goals are not reached, people on both sides of the Iron Curtain have some inkling of it only when the news spreads that a thorough purge has occurred.

True, the supreme ruler of the Kremlin may have some difficulty in maintaining his monopoly of power. Indeed, the notion has become fashionable, even in high circles of our government, that dear old Nikita is constantly harassed by the unrepentant Stalinites in Peking, in Tirana, or in Moscow. We should spare no effort, it is said, to shelter this bouncy embodiment of the Communist vital center from the machinations of his nastier opponents. But after all, what are his troubles compared to those of our President? Mr. Kennedy is engaged in a round-the-clock search for some line of action upon which the views of Messrs. Macmillan, Adenauer, and de Gaulle —not to mention Nehru and Nkrumah—may be reconciled. Even the most bigoted Communists must recognize that what they insistently call America's monopoly of power within the non-Communist world is a most imperfect affair.

UNLESS we of the West are determined to seal our own doom, we must meet the Communist competitive offensive. But to meet it does not mean that we must accept every Russian challenge. When it comes to determining which to accept, which to ignore, and which to take up in our own way and at our own time, the criterion is fortunately as simple as the motive that prompts the Communists' drive. They want to catch up with us, or rather with the distorted notion they have of us. They want to surpass us in the production of everything from steel to meat to gadgets. They are the fanatical imitators of the West. Even the idea of competition with us is borrowed from us, for competition is ruthlessly outlawed within their own borders. And above all, they want us to become like their smeared carbon copy of ourselves.

The line of demarcation between the challenges to accept and those to turn down can easily be drawn. At the time of Sputnik I, it was clear that the Russians were ahead of us in the means of delivering weapons of absolute destruction: they had so many rockets that they could afford to send one off into outer space. Since then our military men and our scientists have worked hard. No matter what the nature of the missile gap may have been, new American means of delivery make that gap debatable at the present time. In fact the capacity to "overkill" each other that we and the Russians have acquired has become so plethoric that a way should be found to bring this competition under mutual control.

But the competition in sponsoring and fostering nationalist movements wherever a tribal chief raises a nationalist claim is just plain silly. We have nothing to gain from chaos. The Russians have.

As to the competitive race for outer space, we are impressed by the latest Russian achievement, and happy that Major Gagarin came back alive. Someday an American astronaut will make it, and we shall be happy when he, too, comes back alive. In the discovery and utilization of technological marvels, this has been the constant rule: one nation makes it first, and others follow promptly. In a number of instances our country has shown that it is more adept at perfecting and mass-producing these technological marvels than in originating them.

THIS SAID, we like to remember the closing lines of Immanuel Kant's greatest work: "Two things fill the mind with ever-increasing wonder and awe . . . the starry heavens above me and the moral law within me." If they find fun in it, men may monkey with the firmament, but they are utterly lost if they forget the moral law within. We feel like praying for Major Gagarin, and for the Russian people.

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Why This Space Race?

STUART H. LOORY

THE United States had conceded defeat long before the Russians announced on April 12 that they had won the race to put a man in space. Quite a number of American scientists have long felt that the goal in no way justifies the effort anyhow. Nevertheless, the United States is determined that its entry—the half-billion-dollar Project Mercury—will finish a respectable if expensive second.

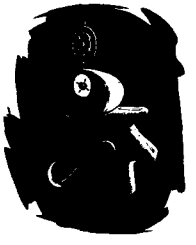
Actually the race was lost even before it began. Rockets were originally developed not as space ships but as vehicles to carry H-bomb warheads, and it was precisely because of this country's superiority in H-bomb techniques that it fell behind in the field of space rockets. Having succeeded in exploding a lightweight, mobile hydrogen bomb in Bikini Atoll on March 1, 1954, American scientists scrapped plans for a large rocket in favor of a less powerful one that would thenceforth be adequate to carry the new miniaturized bomb. The Russians, less adept at H-bomb miniaturization, had no choice but to develop a large rocket. This rocket, conceived because of a lag in H-bomb development, became an overwhelming advantage when the race to put a man in space began.

THE 1954 EXPLOSION at Bikini—the most powerful by far ever created by man—equaled fifteen million tons of TNT and came from a device small enough to be delivered by airplane or ballistic missile. The bomb was the second hydrogen weapon detonated by the United States. The first, in November, 1952, had provided the equivalent of only three million tons of TNT, but its own weight was in the sixty-ton range. Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer once quipped that such a cumbersome device could be delivered to its target "only by oxcart."

And in fact the Air Force, taking a look beyond the days of manned bombers, had been drawing blueprints since 1950 for an oxcart of an intercontinental ballistic missile—a rocket that would develop 750,000 pounds of thrust to carry a monstrous hydrogen warhead halfway around the world.

The huge missile had the code name Atlas. Only twelve men, under the command of a major at Wright Field near Dayton, Ohio, were working on the rocket. Nevertheless, by the time the 1954 hydrogen bomb was exploded, the huge booster was only two years away from firing, according to the conjecture of one of the officers working on the project. If he was right, the original Atlas could have been fired in 1956.

The successful H-bomb miniaturization test at Bikini, however, caused a reorganization of the Atlas program in 1954, with the result that the big rocket was not tested until 1958. A smaller hydrogen bomb meant that a smaller rocket could be built to carry it. Discarding more



than three years of development work, a new team of Atlas builders started from scratch in late 1954 to build a rocket designed to develop only 380,000 pounds of thrust. Soviet engineers continued development of their large rocket.

They're Off!

Then on October 4, 1957, the Russians fired Sputnik I. The space race was on. Project Mercury was created as a crash program to challenge the Soviets' lead. The costly delays and difficulties that have beset the program ever since are traceable to one fact: the Atlas booster rocket that is to put the first astronauts in a low orbit (about 115 miles) above the earth was not powerful enough to do the job safely and comfortably without huge government expenditures to build a vehicle the rocket can lift.

The Atlas's comparatively small thrust means that a weight limitation—never officially revealed but generally presumed to be in the area of 2,200 pounds—has had to be imposed on the Mercury capsule: its occupant, the life-support systems, scientific monitoring equipment, guidance instruments, and recovery apparatus. Working under these limitations, engineers had to design parts with careful attention to the size and weight of each item included in the payload. In only a few cases could they adapt an already existing part for the Project Mercury mission. This sort of handicap has not bothered the Russians. Where American engineers, for example, had to devise radically new and lightweight oxygen bottles (at a cost of many millions of dollars for just this one item), the Russians could take bottles already available and mount them in their spacecraft. Russian boosters, according to the best guesses of American scientists, develop anywhere from 800,000 to 1,000,000 pounds of thrust.

Miniaturization and the design of new equipment cost money. It was originally thought that twelve capsules, costing between $15 million and $18 million, would be needed for Project Mercury, and a contract was let to the McDonnell Aircraft Corporation in January, 1959. At present, twenty capsules have been

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ordered and the cost of the contract has risen to $90 million, making each bell-shaped one-man capsule as expensive as a jet airliner. An expanded unmanned test-flight program made the additional capsules necessary, and, depending on the outcome of subsequent tests, four more may be ordered.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration originally budgeted Project Mercury at $200 million to put a man into orbit by December, 1960. The cost has now run to $393 million, and by the time an astronaut gets into orbit, perhaps next fall, the cost will probably be $500 million.

That's a lot of money for what Dr. Vannevar Bush, a venerated figure in the scientific community, called "a stunt" one year ago in testimony before the House Committee on Science and Astronautics. Dr. Bush's testimony touched off criticisms of the man-in-space program that are still echoing.

Stars in Our Eyes

Project Mercury originally had as its unstated but prime objective the restoration of national prestige. Scientifically, it was intended to show whether man could survive long periods of weightlessness and do work in space.

As the costs began to mount, scientists—even some who originally approved of Mercury—had second thoughts about the project. Not only was the Mercury concept attacked; the entire idea of manned space exploration came under scrutiny. Dr. James R. Killian, chairman of the board of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and chief scientific adviser to President Eisenhower in the post-Sputnik era, recently drew attention to the dubious value of a man-in-space program in these words:

"Since World War II, the status-seekers in the community of nations have relied increasingly on science and technology as an instrument of propaganda and power politics, as illustrated by their great and successful efforts—and careful political timing—in space exploration. They have sought constantly to present spectacular accomplishments in space technology as an index of national strength, and too often the press and public at large have interpreted these spectacular exploits as indices of strength. . . .

"Today . . . the pressures are very great to engage in an item-by-item race with the Soviets. Our man-in-space program is the principal victim of these pressures and it is certain to present some difficult

policy questions in the near future. It may be argued that the appeal of space exploration by man is so great that nothing will deter his engaging in manned exploration. It may also be argued that our man-in-space program is trying to proceed too fast and that it is on the way to becoming excessively extravagant and will be justified only as a competitor for world prestige with the Soviet man-in-space program. Many thoughtful citizens are convinced that the really exciting discoveries in space can be realized better by instruments than by man.

"Decisions must soon be made as to how far we go with our man-in-space program and the future scale of our total space efforts. Unless the decisions result in containing our development of man-in-space systems and big rocket boosters, we will soon have committed ourselves to a multi-billion-dollar space program. I have never seen any public statement estimating the costs of the successive generations of big boosters for man-in-space or for other parts of the program. How many billions of dollars will they cost over the next decade or more? How much is it likely to cost to orbit a man about the earth, to achieve manned circumnavigation of the moon, or a lunar landing?"

If the government has any estimates of these costs, they have not been made public. But a well-educated guess has been given by an Eisenhower administration official who was concerned with the problem before he left the government.

"If we want to put a man on the moon by 1970, we can do it," he said. "It's technologically feasible. But the cost would be tremendous. We would have to invest too much technical talent on this project and spend three to five billion dollars a year. That's not chicken feed." Indeed it isn't. The United States Information Agency, the one government agency charged specifically with maintaining this country's prestige abroad, now spends only about one-eighth of a billion dollars yearly for all phases of its program.

"I must admit," the former official went on, "that when I ask myself what else could be done with this money—and that's tens of billions of dollars, mind you—what else could be done to conquer disease or to raise the standard of living in underdeveloped countries so they would not be driven toward Communism, I begin to wonder."

President Eisenhower saw the danger of a man-in-space program running out of economic bounds, and in his last budget message he told Congress: "Further testing and experimentation will be necessary to establish whether there are any valid scientific reasons for extending manned space flight beyond the Mercury program."

Few scientists would question the belief that someday, in a future that is not easy to chart, there will be occasion for man himself to go roaring off to the far reaches of the solar system on exploratory trips. If not for science, man's wanderlust and the availability of vehicles to make the trips will eventually compel him to do so. In the future, however, it can be expected that the big boosters necessary to lift these vehicles will be powered by nuclear energy, solid fuels, or other efficient propellants, making them relatively less expensive than today's liquid-fuel rockets.

Why Spacemen?

One question should certainly have been considered before the authorization of Project Mercury and should still receive attention now: At this preliminary stage of investigating the solar system with primitive rocket vehicles, is our effort to send a man into space justified? Dr. Bush has said that a man "can do no more than an instrument; in fact he can do less."

Sophisticated instrument payloads

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have given the United States singular success in solving scientific riddles beyond the earth's atmosphere with small unmanned rockets. The Explorer I and III satellites, which sent back to earth information identifying the Van Allen radiation belts, carried instruments weighing less than nineteen pounds. The famous Vanguard "grapefruit" satellite, which revealed that the earth is pear-shaped and not round, weighed only 3.25 pounds. The series of communications, navigation-aid, mapping, and weather-forecasting satellites were all light in weight compared with Russian efforts.

EVEN with their far more powerful boosters, the Russians have made no efforts, as far as we know, to use satellites for such things as communications relays in space. They have made meager scientific contributions, the most important being the photographs of the far side of the moon.

Dr. Harlow Shapley, the former director of the Harvard Observatory and one of the world's leading astronomers, recently considered the relative accomplishments of the two countries in space and remarked:

"We are doing such a tremendously beautiful job of exploring space that man up there would be a hindrance." Instruments, Dr. Shapley said, could tell scientists four things they should know about the moon: what its far side looks like in detail (the Russian pictures were fuzzy), the composition of its dust and rock, the depth of its dust layer, and the configuration of its magnetic field.

"After we find that out and get a good close-up picture of Mars, we should turn our attention to problems here on earth," the astronomer said. "We would be better off spending the money to deal with disease and the problems of the population explosion. Scientifically, I would rather see the money spent for deep borings in our own planet." One of the compelling scientific reasons for exploring space is to shed some light on how the earth originated; this, developments in recent years have shown, can probably be learned more easily by drilling into the earth's crust and mantle, as scientists are now attempting to do in Project Mohole.

All the controversy over whether man *should* explore space has obscured the question of whether man *could* explore deep space. The first Project Mercury orbital flights, and presumably all Soviet manned flights for some time, will be under the Van Allen radiation belts—fields of highly radioactive particles trapped within the earth's magnetic field. It is not known whether man will be able to survive the radiation as he passes through the belts and then the many times more intense but sporadic storms of solar radiation in deep space. Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory for nuclear research, says: "I think people have underestimated the problem of radiation in space. From the point of view of a person interested in radiation, space is an extremely hostile and uncongenial environment. Excessive amounts of [lead] shielding will be needed to protect space travelers

from solar flares. This talk about people on the moon—I don't expect to be alive when it comes. I don't think it will ever come."

Even if man should survive the hazards of deep space flight, will he be able to live and work on the moon? Dr. Shapley has spent long hours studying the lunar surface through telescopes. He said recently: "The moon is completely without an atmosphere except for a little argon [an inert gas]. Man will have to take his warmth, atmosphere, and food with him. If we could find a cheap way of getting oxygen out of the lunar rocks, that might be a help. But the difficulties make lunar colonization a science-fiction dream unless we spend abundant funds over an abundant number of years."

Lunar Logic

The skeptical views of Drs. Shapley, Bush, Killian, and others are not universally held in scientific circles. Scientists with a more visionary outlook dominate the lecterns at professional meetings and are widely reported in the press. Their views tend to give the impression that the era of interplanetary travel will soon be with us. Here are a few examples:

In 1958, Dr. Wernher Von Braun wrote in a Sunday supplement that a man would land on the moon by 1968. Dr. Von Braun is working feverishly to make his prediction come true. He heads NASA's Saturn project—construction of a twenty-story-high, 1.1 million-pound rocket that will cost, according to conservative estimates, $17.1 million each to fire, not counting research and development costs.

Dr. Harold Urey, winner of the Nobel Prize in chemistry, has said one man with a pickax on the moon would be more valuable than any number of instruments. He thinks that a man should be sent at the first opportunity.

Dr. Donald H. Menzel, Dr. Shapley's successor as director of the Harvard Observatory, has written that the moon could be used as a manned space way station, television-relay point, cosmic observatory, weather-bureau outpost, and natural-resources mine. Presumably, the lunar inhabitants would import all of the creature comforts and necessities needed from earth in huge freight rockets.

James B. Edson, a senior missiles adviser for the Army, has written that a convenient way of transfusing oxygen directly into the blood stream may be found to enable man—who is evolving into a species he called "Homo astralis"—to stroll on Mars without the need for cumbersome space suits.

Air Force generals have talked about spaceship dogfights millions of miles from earth. Anti-birth-control spokesmen have held out high hopes for heading off earthly population-explosion problems by colonizing other planets.

Finally, Dr. Albert R. Hibbs, one of the young space scientists at California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, has envisioned the day when commercial astronauts ply the "milk run" between the satellites of Jupiter. He calls on the United States to speed

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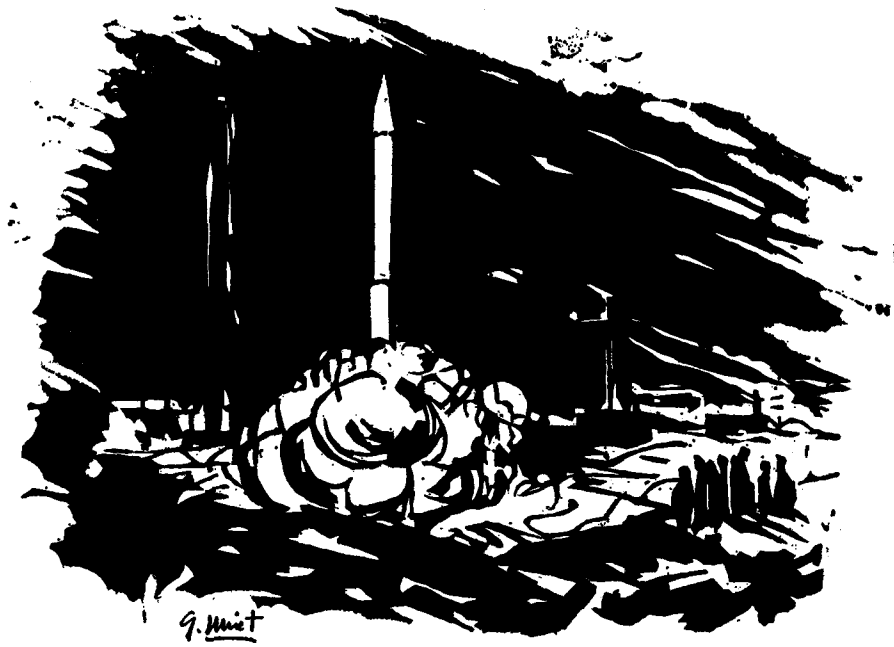
its effort to send a man rocketing into space for the sheer drama of the project.

THE MORE OR LESS ambivalent attitude toward man-in-space projects that characterized the Eisenhower administration during its last days seems to have been adopted by the Kennedy administration. Before Mr. Kennedy took office, he was told by a special task force of science advisers that the success of Project Mercury was doubtful because of the modest thrust of its Atlas booster. The task force, headed by Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, now chief science adviser to the President, called for an alternative booster in the program, noting that "the factor of national prestige" was of prime importance in extra-terrestrial research. At the same time, it tacitly blamed the Eisenhower administration for having encouraged a "popular belief that man in space is the most important aim of our non-military space effort." The report concluded that there is little the United States can do at present but continue with its efforts to develop large-thrust rockets to put men into space. Late last month the administration asked for an increase of $125 million in the Eisenhower space program, earmarking most of the new funds for big-booster development.

Very little consideration is being given at present to the possibilities of reducing costs—ways of recovering and reusing boosters, for example—that someday might make space exploration in manned vehicles relatively inexpensive. No price seems too high to the enthusiasts who want to put a man into space as soon as possible. And yet in their eagerness to enhance American prestige, they do a real injustice to the impressive accomplishments of our present space-research program. There have been great benefits to science and to mankind in the rich information our explorations have provided. In terms of actual scientific contributions, it is we, not the Russians, who hold the lead in space.

Unfortunately, such a comparison has not been made effectively to the public both here and abroad in the past—and at this point would only only sound like sour grapes. Again the Russians have drawn us into a competition on their own terms.



A Scientist Calls for Common Sense

L. A. DuBRIDGE

EVERYONE KNOWS that our sun is a star, that it has a group of planets circling around, relatively close to it—ranging from the planet Mercury nearest the sun, out to tiny Pluto, the most distant planet. Suppose we go beyond Pluto and off toward the next star which is the nearest neighbor to the sun, the star called by the astronomers Alpha Centauri. How long would it take us to reach that star and explore its vicinity for other planets? Well, the time required, of course, would depend upon how fast we could travel. I might point out, however, that if we could get away from the gravitational pull of both the earth and sun, and still have a speed of twenty miles per second, then to reach Alpha Centauri would take forty thousand years. Even if we could speed up our spacecraft, after getting away from the sun, to the unimaginable speed of two hundred miles per second, it would take four thousand years to reach the very nearest star. Other stars—even the relatively nearer ones in our own Milky Way—would require millions or hundreds of millions of years of travel time. I suggest that we cross off our list of near-term objectives any journeys to the vicinity of other stars.

On the other hand, we must not underestimate the possibilities. We can get objects into orbits around the earth. We can get them into trajectories which will take them to the vicinity of the moon. We can attain orbits which will circle the sun. Within a relatively short time we shall be able to send spacecraft to the vicinity of the two nearest planets in our solar system—namely, Venus and Mars. Only three or four months of travel, at presently attainable speeds, will bring us to the vicinity of these, our two nearest neighbors. In another ten years or so our space capsules should be able to reach the vicinity of Jupiter. And it is certainly not out of the question to imagine getting to the vicinity of Pluto, although such a journey will take us more than two billion miles away from the earth and will certainly require many months, or even years, of travel time.

Thus, though from the astronomi-

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cal point of view our human space travels are rather puny efforts, from the earthly point of view these travels are imposing journeys indeed. The entire solar system, a ball of space several billion miles in diameter surrounding our sun, populated with nine chunks of matter called planets and uncounted smaller pieces called asteroids, filled with extremely sparse but measurable clouds of gas and dust, traversed by intense streams of all kinds of radiation coming not only from the sun but from the unknown reaches of outer space—all of this is an area of exploration presenting to human beings one of the greatest challenges in human history. Here is a "mountain" which human beings must "climb," and they will spend great efforts and great sums of money for generations to come in climbing it, in learning about the solar system, and eventually in visiting in person its remotest parts.

Now what is the purpose of all this? Why are we going to expend such great efforts and funds in sending our instruments, and eventually our fellow men, to the far reaches of the solar system? Several reasons are frequently discussed: (1) it is a military necessity for the United States to "conquer space"; (2) the conquest of space will give great prestige to the nation which conducts the most successful and spectacular ventures; (3) there may be untold stores of valuable materials on some of our neighboring planets and we must go out and start hauling them back to the earth; (4) the earth's population is rapidly reaching the point where we must be shipping the excess to other points in space; (5) man is so imbued with curiosity and a desire to know that he cannot resist bending every effort toward learning everything possible about the universe in which he finds himself, even though he cannot know to what extent the new knowledge will be of material value to him.

It would be interesting to analyze each of these reasons in detail, but I shall look at them only briefly.

(1) As to the military necessity of space conquest, all I can say is that it is certainly a military necessity to design rockets which will take warheads from suitable locations in the United States to any possible enemy targets. Clearly, too, spacecraft designed for reconnaissance, for weather observation, and for communication purposes have important military values. However, the United States has already declared its policy to reserve outer space for peaceful purposes, and it is hard to think of a better policy to pursue.

(2) There is also no doubt that national prestige is associated with successful space ventures. It is equally true that useless weight-lifting contests with the Russians can be a gross waste of national resources. If we can convert the emphasis to what is *in* the spacecraft rather than to how much it weighs, then we can proceed with useful and valuable space exploration, and in the long run the greatest prestige will come to the nation which successfully carries out the most important and useful enterprises.

(3) As to valuable materials to be mined on the moon or other planets, I have been unable to think of a single conceivable substance of sufficient intrinsic value to warrant hauling it in—even from the moon, to say nothing of more distant sources. It is hard to imagine that in the foreseeable future we could get to the moon and ship materials back to the earth at a cost less than hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars per pound.

(4) We can dismiss with equal ease the idea of using space as a repository for the earth's excess population. I am sure that over coming years we can find a few hundred, or possibly a few thousand, astronauts who would be glad to make exploratory journeys to the moon, to Venus, and to Mars—and even to establish small colonies, if possible. But to plan on shipping off twenty or thirty million people each year does not sound like a very promising enterprise. When thriving cities exist at the South Pole and on top of Mount Everest, then one might begin asking whether the even more inhospitable surroundings of the moon, Mars, or Venus might be made fit for human habitation. Since the moon has no atmosphere at all and the atmospheres of Venus and Mars appear to contain no oxygen, the problems, even of survival, on such bases clearly present horrifying difficulties. To think of millions of people living under such circumstances clearly is getting close to the borders of insanity.

You will begin to think that I am going to cross off all reasons for space exploration, but now we come to No. 5, the one which provides rational justification for a major effort during the coming decades. This is the matter of scientific exploration. Men were born with curiosity and with a desire to know, and they will never be satisfied until they have pushed their explorations as far as technology can take them. We must learn to understand the nature of space; we must learn to know about the nature and composition of the moon and the planets. We must even learn more about the earth by looking at it from outside. We cannot predict precisely what values this knowledge will bring, but men are not going to be satisfied *not* to acquire as much knowledge as they can.

However, our own solar system is plenty large enough and plenty interesting enough to keep us engaged in space exploration and research for hundreds of years to come. The space age is here to stay, and we would do well to be planning carefully for the long-term future on how to set up our space program in such a way that we will not bankrupt ourselves in attempting a too rapid achievement of premature ventures, but that, on the other hand, we will have a solid program of continued development which will lead us, step by step, toward the goals that are reasonable and valuable to seek.

Someday, of course, manned spacecraft will be practical. But before a man can be sent on a really useful space journey, two things must—or should—happen: extreme safety and reliability of operation must be achieved, and we must have exhausted the possibilities of unmanned instruments, so that the man is really needed to perform a useful function. The Mercury spaceman project is largely aimed at these goals.

The Russians obviously have very much larger rockets than we. We never could have won this race—and we would do well not to bankrupt ourselves trying to come a close second. We have plenty of other useful things to do.

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Eichmann and the New Israelis

ALFRED KAZIN

On holy Mount Zion in Jerusalem, near the supposed sites of both King David's tomb and the Last Supper, there is a cave, Chamber of the Destruction, in which are exhibited some of the most gruesome relics of the Nazi fury against the Jews. You walk into a dark smoky room illuminated by the acrid flare of memorial candles; on the wall, so tightly joined together that in the uncertain light they look like hundreds of fallen tombstones, are rows of memorial tablets, black on white; each commemorates a community that was destroyed. The bearded young custodian, in full Orthodox costume, seems almost perversely eager to show his horrors—in the glass showcases are prayer shawls with bloody smears, prayer shawls with holes where bayonets went through, cylinders of the hydrogen cyanide crystals used in Auschwitz, the playthings of murdered children, Torah scrolls cut out by SS guards to make insoles for their boots.

The Chamber of the Destruction exhibition is deeply disapproved of by many Israelis, especially in the government, who view it as unnecessary and as a calculated effort on the part of certain small and fanatical religious associations to get support from emotional tourists. The government itself supports a magnificently organized research institute, Yad Vashem, devoted entirely to documentation of the Nazi campaign against the Jews. In row on row of air-conditioned vaults, trained scholars who were themselves prisoners in the camps collect materials on each of the concentration camps, still making every effort to locate Jews who may still be alive. It is from the files of Yad Vashem that the government will furnish the main proofs against Eichmann at his trial in Jerusalem's new "House of the People." It is in those spotless cool vaults, rather than in the cave of horrors on Mount Zion, that the full sweep of the Nazi attempt to exterminate all the Jews is displayed. Here, in file after file from the floor to the ceiling, are the names of the victims and, wherever possible, the manner of their death. By contrast, the Chamber of the Destruction seems contrived and useless. As soon as I walked into the smoky atmosphere of that exhibition, which seems bent, in Jewish fashion, on not giving up any of the dead, on not yielding or forgetting the memory of a single scream of agony, I found myself recoiling from the guide's voluble eagerness to show me everything. As he took me around from showcase to showcase, his voice rang out oratorically, and I felt that he was exploiting the dead, that although it was natural of him to praise the religious spirit in which so many Orthodox Jews had died, he was mechanically working on me to induce the hysteria in which he himself lived every day.

All calculation aside, who but someone for whom a Chamber of the Destruction represents normal Jewish experience could spend day after day in such a place? I imagine him constantly living with those bloody and punctured prayer shawls, those abandoned dolls, and like a caretaker at Madame Tussaud's, adjusting with finicky perfection a cylinder of hydrogen cyanide, a desecrated Torah. There they all are—his heroes and his saints—and as he proudly tells you of the rabbi who calmly put on his *tallis* to die, you can see that on holy Mount Zion, near the (reputed) remains of King David and the (supposed) site where Jesus had His last Passover Seder with His fellow Jews, what the Chamber of the Destruction most honestly commemorates is the pre-Israeli Jew, the Jews who always expected to perish at the hands of European anti-Semites and who went to their death in community after community, because even stronger than the Nazis was their own belief that, as Jews, they were destined to die en masse.

In Israel, I heard of how a deeply religious aunt of mine, my mother's younger sister, met her death in Poland in 1943. Her sons begged her for days to join them in going toward the Russian lines (where they were saved and joined the partisans; eventually they went to Israel). But my aunt refused to accept the transportation that was available or even to leave her house. "It may not be God's will," she said. "I cannot go against God's will." She was shot on her doorstep. And with equal certainty of what God wants for the Jews, whole communities of the religious, especially honored in the chamber on Mount Zion—very old men, wise men, saintly men—are remembered for not running away but for being in their place, village after village, when the Nazis pulled their beards, smeared excrement on their faces, and trod them in the mud before shooting them in layers.

There are many young Israelis and "new" Israelis, especially the most patriotic Israelis of all, the "Orientals" from North Africa and Yemen, who simply cannot understand these stories of the Nazi period. *Jews* died like that, like sheep, when *we* take on all the Arabs at once? Impossible! Look through the children's primers passed out in Israel. On every page there is a picture of a sunburned young boy staunchly standing guard, and everywhere you go in Israel people talk about "our war of liberation." A pretty young cousin of mine in the Army Reserve, whom I was meeting for the first time, perplexed me by her many references to "our King David," and when I discovered that she meant Ben Gurion, she responded to my teasing by saying calmly that there was no military force in the Near East that would challenge the Israeli Army.

Nationalistic militancy is always used as a challenge to those who, like me, are "relics of the Diaspora." At a reception in Jerusalem, Yigael Yadin, the celebrated Israeli chief of staff during the "War of Liberation," who is now professor of archaeology at the Hebrew Univer-

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sity (he had recently dug up some amazing effects of Bar-Kochba, leader of the last great Jewish war against the Romans, A.D. 131-135), explained that he taught his children their national history out of the Bible, and insisted on knowing what I taught my children. General Yadin is an extremely charming man to talk with, and from the last World Orientalists' Congress in Moscow he had brought back some wonderful stories about Soviet cultural nationalism. He obviously did not recognize any resemblance to the cultural nationalism of Israel, but as a matter of fact, the ideological cocksureness and rasping dogmatism of a few "leading personalities" in Israel reminds me very much of many Soviet writers and intellectuals. The vital difference is that in Israel there is every shade of opinion, and one meets on every hand people who could not live by official slogans even if they wanted to; it is extraordinary how many people in Israel say that they are not Zionists, a form of cultural self-righteousness they apparently leave to "the Diaspora."

Most officials and intellectuals in Israel are "Westerners," tied by one link or another to the culture and traditions of Europe and the United States. It is the "new" Israelis, those growing up entirely under the cultural and political domination of the new state, who worry the authorities most. For as wards of the new state, they are so steeped in Israeli militancy that they are likely to view with disbelief or contempt the six million of their fellow Jews who went to their deaths.

To see the housing settlements made up entirely of new arrivals, who often enough owe their lives to the new state and certainly will not deny it their long-frustrated allegiance to a country of their own, is to have a glimpse of the enormous power of indoctrination the state possesses over its new citizens. Ben Gurion and his colleagues have talked constantly of the new type Israel would create, washed clean of the stains of the past. But if the new type will not accept or recognize the immediate past at all, he is not likely to feel deep kinship with even Ben Gurion and his militant colleagues. So deeply disturbing is modern Jewish history to the national vanity of Israel, so sharply does the Hitler period in particular challenge the mystique of Jewish militancy on which the state is built, that it obviously is necessary to make these "new" Israelis more sympathetic to the European Jews (especially the East Europeans), whose past they have never understood and whose fate they must now learn to respect. In short, Israeli leaders have come to recognize that Israel cannot divest itself of the Jewish past without destroying the *raison d'être* of Zionism itself.

So those who died, some no doubt "tamely" and even "shamefully," as writers once put it, now have their place in Israel. They have all been stepped up a grade in the golden book of honor. The official title of Yad Vashem Institute is now Martyrs'

and Heroes' Remembrance Authority. The word "Heroes" was not there originally; it was added, as the director of the institute told me, in deference to the new conception that now prevails in Israel of the role of the Nazi victims. An official questionnaire the institute sends out in an effort to document resistance to the Nazis includes such questions as: "To which party or youth movements did you belong at the time of the war? . . . To which military unit did you belong before and during the war? . . . To what extent did you participate in the activities of the underground, ghetto, camp, or partisans? . . . Which Jewish officers and fighters are known to you?"

IT CANNOT be said that Eichmann was tracked down and captured in Argentina solely in order to present, in him, a living proof of the Nazi war on the Jews. But it can be said that once Eichmann was captured and brought to Israel, certainly one very strong motive in putting him on trial was the desire to bring home, in full force from the lips of the principal organizer of the massacres, both how difficult it was for the Jews to resist their fate and how hard they tried.

In order to do this, the Israeli government faces appalling risks, for the main lines of Eichmann's defense, apart from the customary but ineffectual plea that he was obeying orders, are not likely to improve the already strained relations between Israel and the West. As one government official told me, Eichmann's copious pre-trial testimony has taken the expected line that the Nazis simply wanted to get the Jews out of their territory; since none of the great powers would take them in sufficiently large numbers, the Nazis had no alternative but to kill them. This way of putting it, while not likely to endear the Israeli government to America or Britain, is of course not altogether unlike the Zionist claim that the Jews have ultimately no place to go but Israel. The recurring argument that I carried on with certain Israeli officials was over this dogma that Jews in America or England or France have no real future in their own countries. Although one official finally, and with great reluctance, went so far as to "admit" that America might be an exception, I must say that I find the extreme Zionist argument—that the Jews have no future except in Israel—catastrophically similar to totalitarian arguments about the "decline of the West" and dangerously shortsighted, since Israel is not likely to survive if the Jews do not survive elsewhere.

EICHMANN'S trial—every moment of which is to be "covered," photographed, filmed, and televised—will, it is expected, make it finally clear, through the person of the chief executioner, that six million Jews really were killed. And it will be clear who killed them. There he is; it all actually happened. Hard as it is to think that such things could have happened, it will also be clear that they took place outside of Israel—and that this is what happens outside of Israel.

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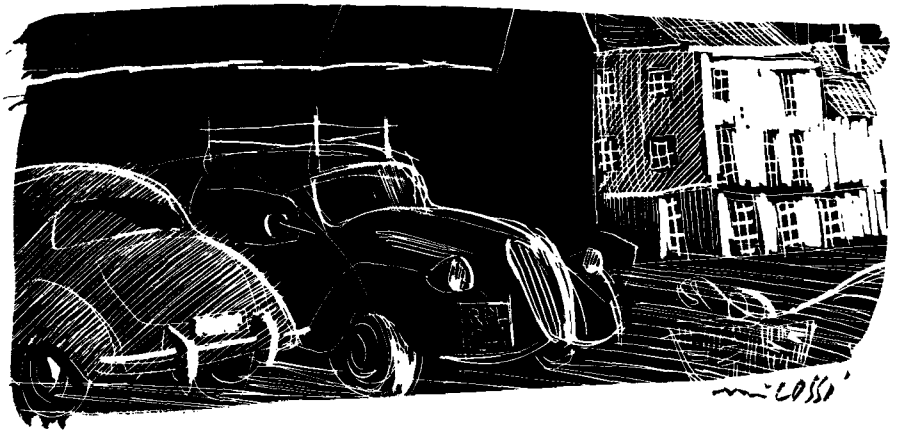

English Education: More Room at the Top

JOHN ROSSELLI

A couple of miles outside the Potteries, England's eighteenth-century Klondike of slag heaps, bottle-shaped brick ovens, and streets that begin and end in nothingness, a cluster of new buildings occupies the top of a green and wind-swept ridge. This is the University College of North Staffordshire, commonly known as Keele, ten years after its foundation still the boldest and newest of British universities.

In the English university system, largely devoted to specialization and to turning out potential scholars, Keele is unique. It compels students to spread themselves over several disciplines and in particular to mix arts with science. This may be why it is able to run an undergraduate exchange program with an American college, Swarthmore. When I visited Keele recently, someone in the temporary hut that still houses the students' common room introduced me to this year's Swarthmore visitor. In many English settings an American stands out at once, but this pretty New England girl in a long Keele scarf was indistinguishable from the rest. We talked over the two colleges she had known, their courses, students, teachers. "Well," she concluded with a look of faint surprise, "I guess they're not so different after all."

English universities just now are going through a half-hidden crisis. As in many other matters, the English give the impression of clinging hard to things as they are: you would think they were doing no more than tinker here and there with some inessential though complex details, and by the standards of willingly expansive countries like America you would be right. At the same time, profound and, for present-day Britain, rapid changes are going on almost unnoticed. They seem bound to transform not just the universities but society itself. The end of it in England may be a move toward a society a lot more like America's.

A Manufactured Aristocracy

England—different in this from Scotland—has long been an aristocracy, in the classical sense of a society run by a carefully chosen group which is differentiated from the rest of the people. For centuries the English governing group has renewed itself by taking in people chosen on merits other than their birth. Until this century it was able to do this without thinking about it much. The last few decades, however, have brought efforts—at least half conscious—to keep in being an elite differentiated scarcely at all by birth and not much by wealth but chiefly by education. For startling inequalities of income you might as well go to Russia. For inequalities deeply felt and kept in being by different ways of pronouncing words, of buttoning one's jacket, or of excusing oneself for stepping on somebody's toes, England is still unique—even though the business becomes year by year more willful and more self-conscious.

The stratified school system has much to do with keeping it going. Until just now the universities acted as a final sieve—a means of turning out enough people to man the civil service, the upper ranks of business, and the professions, but not many more. This manufactured aristocracy roughly tallied with the jobs thought suitable to it; as lately at 1952 the University Grants Committee, the nearest thing to a policymaking body for all the universities, said that universities ought to expand only if there were enough "appropriate" jobs for the extra graduates.

What about a possible cry of privilege? Since the war the English political genius has had an answer. On the one hand society has laid out taxpayers' money, a good deal of it, on tuition and maintenance grants for nearly every student; on the other it has kept down student numbers. It has impartially kept out the idle rich, the unlucky poor, and many of the middling middle class. In the outcome England has still had, for every thousand of its population, only half as many students as Scotland; it has also had proportionally fewer than any other advanced country except Norway and Iceland.

For some years, though, there has been a steady upward pressure of thousands more young men and women. In 1939 the number of university students throughout the country stood at fifty thousand—one-thousandth of the population. After the war the equivalent of the G.I. bill sent this soaring up into the eighty thousands. Soon it looked as if it would settle there or a bit lower, and many academic and political authorities hoped it would. Since the mid-1950's, however, the pressure has been on again. In the last three years the government, the Grants Committee, and the universities have twice had to revise their estimates of future numbers, until now they expect to go from the present figure

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of just over 100,000 to about 175,000 in 1970.

An increase of seventy-five per cent in ten years is fairly steep by any standards, even though the totals involved could be swallowed up tomorrow by four or five American state universities. And there is no telling whether the sights may have to be raised yet again. Familiar around many British universities is the brand-new lab, common room, or library that is already obsolete because the expected student population has gone up by a third since the building left the drawing board.

Why this upsurge? There are several explanations; some of them can even be put down to the reasoned decisions of men in authority. A few years ago these men woke up a little late to the need for turning out many more scientists and technologists to keep up with the Russians, and they found that the universities were not supplying them. They were also aware that after the war the English, like the Americans, though not quite so enthusiastically, had started having a lot more children: there will soon be one-third more eighteen-year-olds around than there were ten years ago. What the planners did not foresee was that so many of these eighteen-year-olds were going to want a university education. More and more boys and girls have been staying on in the state schools after the minimum school-leaving age of fifteen, and it looks as though there will be twice as many of them in 1965 as there were in 1958, so that by the late 1960's there will be more potential freshmen than even the expanded universities can take.

Should the System Expand?

Teachers had for years been urging their brighter pupils to stay on like this—often in vain. Why have so many started taking the advice that they or their families used to reject in favor of quickly drawing one more pay envelope? Call it affluence, or a new awareness of the need to acquire skills, or one of those subterranean changes of temper that alter the whole balance of a society. Anyhow, the outcome of all these decisions by adolescents and their parents in brick row houses and suburban mock-Tudor bungalows is that the universities have been feeling the pressure of thousands more applications than they had places.

All this raises serious problems besides the obvious one of getting enough money, microscopes, and bricks and mortar. British universities are much more alike than American universities. They all keep up reasonably high academic standards, they all give a high place to research, they all get something like three-quarters of their income and most of their new capital from the government, they all feel themselves to be in some way part of the same scholarly community. There is a far smaller difference between Oxford and Hull than between Harvard and Toonerville State. The similarities between English universities are frequently exaggerated—Hull or Southhampton or Exeter will find it hard to get the best teachers or the best students—but none of this is allowed to disturb the myth that all universities sit as equals on the top shelf. Hence the worst thing anyone can say of university expansion is that it might mean a "lowering of standards." As for the idea that the system should expand by frankly letting some universities (as in America) set their academic sights a bit lower than others, hardly anyone ever broached it until just now.

Yet modern English people do change even while they tell each other how painful it would be to change. When you go around the "red-brick" universities you find that the stronger ones, and especially the stronger departments, are sailing ahead without worrying much about their equality with Oxford or Cambridge or anyone else. The excellent physics department at Bristol, for instance, gets about a thousand applications a year for its seventy places; it is not likely to waste much time on wishing it were Cambridge or wondering whether it dare risk its standards by expanding.

SCIENCE TEACHERS, by and large, are expansionists. Though they have plenty of worries about money and buildings and staff, they have no worries at all about the demand for their services. Arts teachers, especially in the more disinherited (though theoretically equal) institutions, are far more defensive. The novelist Kingsley Amis, who is a lecturer in English at the Welsh University College at Swansea, has put the extreme case. "More will mean worse," he says simply. Not only will the extra students be worse students; the university as a place where people pursue academic subjects as "vital to our culture" will suffer: "In order to enable more to participate in something you think valuable, you denature the thing, because those enabled don't see its value."

The issue, of course, is the whole purpose of a university. Amis and those who think like him reject any notion that a university's business may be, among other things, to fit students for responsible jobs in future life. For them a university is a place devoted to "the advancement of learning" and to the specialized honors course in a single subject, leading almost automatically (or so one might suppose) to research. It was a Nottingham don who said recently that if some students were to follow a nonspecialized course it

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must be sharply segregated from the honors course—and "if people think it inferior they must put up with it." Not too surprisingly, it is Oxford, with its tradition of teaching and its dislike of the overspecialized, that has given the impulse for some new departures. Keele's broad science-and-arts course is the brain child of a great Oxford man, A. D. Lindsay; the Oxford influence is also strong at Sussex, a new university whose "organic" courses spanning several subjects will enroll their first students in October.

The Boom Is On

Much of the debate is intramural—an argument among people who accept the existing rules of the game and who agree in particular that every university teacher should be able to spend a good deal of time on research. What is new is that under the pressure of the last few years, people have begun to speak frankly of setting up institutions where teaching would be an end in itself. The notion is still unpopular, but it is beginning to catch on.

Already there are proposals for liberal-arts colleges, or something very like them, to be attached to Nottingham and Glasgow Universities. Both institutions mean to build the new colleges several miles out of town. Lack of space on existing sites is a valid reason for this decision, but I am tempted to believe that some dons would just as soon keep such a low venture as a liberal-arts college (with no research!) decently out of sight. Despite this perhaps shamefaced start, there seems to be a definite drift away from rigid specialization. Compared with what most students now face, the colleges will be more general and experimental in choice of subjects, more varied in standard and in pace.

Above all, higher education will be available to more people. Through the University Grants Committee, the curious mixed body of academics, laymen, and civil servants that stands between the Treasury paymaster and the universities, the government has in effect accepted an expansion of student enrollment to 175,000; it has agreed to double its capital grant for new university buildings to £30 million ($84 million) a year; it has given its blessing to new universities at York and Norwich; and several other towns want one too. By English standards the boom is on.

Yet is it enough? Just after ending his term as chairman of the government's Advisory Council on Education in December, Sir Geoffrey Crowther said that if Britain is to shake off the dead hand of "snobbery and selfishness" and economic inertia, it ought to set about educating not four but twenty per cent of its people in universities—even if this meant that universities had to work two shifts a day. His outburst has widely been put down to "shock tactics." But it seems likely that even the latest plans for expansion will turn out to be too little and too late.

The immensely tactful system of the Grants Committee, so valuable in preserving the universities' independence and self-esteem, has one drawback: the hand on the purse strings usually responds to pressures perhaps already three years old, instead of anticipating pressures three years ahead. The government has set up a special committee under the economist Lord Lionel Robbins to look into the whole matter of higher education—technology and teacher training as well as universities—but this body too must take two or three years to make its report.

As in many other things, Britain seems likely to muddle through—rather late and rather too complacently, perhaps. My own guess is that Britain will make it, at some short-term cost in lost opportunities and underdeveloped young minds; that the undertow has set in toward a higher education more like America's and, with time, toward the kind of democracy in which all citizens share a common language; and that this will be a liberation.

The Rites of Spring In Albany

MEL ELFIN

IT WAS MID-AFTERNOON in Albany and the New York State assembly had just taken eighteen seconds to approve a minor amendment to the civil-service law. At a desk toward the rear of the Democratic side of the cavernous granite and marble chamber, Assemblyman Louis Wallach of Queens turned to a visitor and said: "If you think that was fast, just wait until we get a bill with a short title."

Within a few minutes the assembly began considering "S3231—An Act to Amend the General Business Law in Relation to Employment Agencies." From the moment when Ansley B. Borkowski, the assembly's veteran chief clerk, began droning out the bill's title until the moment when Speaker Joseph Carlino lifted his right arm, banged his heavy gavel, and announced, "The bill is passed," only eight seconds elapsed.

Not all the bills that came before the assembly that recent afternoon were cleared so rapidly from the calendar. Nevertheless, the speed with which they were dispatched indicated the frenzied tempo of the great rites of spring in Albany: the legislature's annual rush to adjourn. It is a ritual practiced with varying degrees of skill and solemnity by virtually every American legislature from Congress on down. Nowhere, however, does it reach such a thunderous climax as in the grim, gray old capitol of the Empire State.

For as long as anyone in Albany cares to remember, the New York legislature has convened with a great flourish in January, dawdled through February, drifted into March, and then, in a burst of post-equinoctial energy, has disposed of the large majority of its most significant labors in a final week. Almost invariably, the legislators, in their near-stampede to quit Albany before Easter, leave behind unpassed many eminently worthwhile bills and pass others that would have been better left to expire quietly in the seclusion of committee pigeonholes.

While there was no state-wide

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election in the offing to enliven this year's session in Albany, those who have come to look forward to an annual legislative circus in the state capitol each March were not unduly disappointed last month. For instance, of the 1,294 bills approved by both houses this year, some six hundred, including most of the session's key legislation, were passed in the final days.

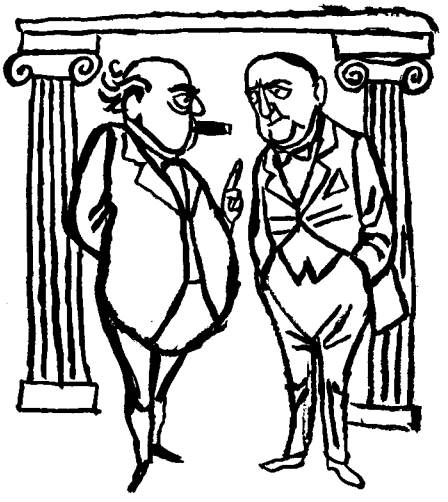
During one twenty-five-minute period near the close, the state senate was grinding out bills at the rate of one every thirteen seconds. So quickly were bills coming up that few lawmakers found time even to look through the 179-page, $33-million supplemental budget that was made available less than twenty-four hours before adjournment. One newsman discovered that the budget, which passed with barely a murmur of protest, restored $50,000 in funds to the State Comptroller's office, a sum the legislature had carefully pruned from the original budget request several weeks before.

To cope with the torrent of last-minute legislation, sleepy-eyed lawmakers stayed at their desks until well past 3 A.M. on the final Friday, then worked until eleven that night and didn't wind up the session until after nine o'clock on Saturday night. When the final marathon was mercifully concluded, freshman Assemblyman Mark Lane of Manhattan, a leader of the anti-De Sapio Democrats and a legislative maverick, observed that he had never seen anything quite so depressing.

The New York *Post* referred to the "nightmare rush of bills" during the legislature's "final contortions." The New York *Times* described the final week of the session as "a mad pace of perpetual motion" and a "disgraceful mockery of due consideration and judicial process." The Women's City Club of New York, in letters to the legislative leaders and to Governor Rockefeller, scorned "the scandalous evidence of haste and summary procedure" and contended that "orderly processes of democratic government are brought into grave disrepute by such procedures."

The press seemed particularly outraged this year because the lawmakers, in the midst of their adjournment toils, still found time to vote themselves a one-third increase in pay (to $10,000) and a $1,500 boost in their traditional and nontaxable "lulus" (expense money). The New York *World-Telegram and Sun* wrote editorially: "There's no law that says legislators must wind up by March 24, 25 or 31 or any other date—but once they set a date they act as if they've got to catch the last plane out of cannibal country. And these are the boys who decided they deserve a $2,500 salary increase. What a grim joke on the taxpayers."

Understandably sensitive to such criticism, Assembly Speaker Carlino and Democratic Minority Leader Anthony J. Travia issued a three-page statement just before adjournment in which they vigorously defended the legislators, the pay raise,



and the lawmaking process as well. According to Carlino and Travia, "Those who explore the mechanics of the legislative process find that the measures which move with such rapidity in what appears to be the tumult of the legislature's closing days are bills which have been given exhaustive study in committee and with which the average legislator is quite familiar at the time it is called up for a vote."

Ironically, this bipartisan apologia was laid on the desks of the 150 assemblymen just when many lawmakers (especially among the Democratic minority who seldom know what the Republican leadership plans next) were desperately trying to find out which bill they were voting on and what it was about. The legendary fear in Albany is that some year the lawmakers are going to go home and discover that they have abolished the State of New York and the legislature along with it.

In such circumstances, when votes are cast in sheer ignorance or on the basis of legislative friendships, logrolling, know-nothing partisanship, and even, as has happened, by mistake, it is not surprising that good bills are defeated and bad ones go to the governor. Neither is it surprising that in such an atmosphere lawmakers become fair game for the ubiquitous platoons of lobbyists who oversee the legislative process in Albany.

To Know One's Friends

Just how efficiently a lobbyist can move into a decision-making vacuum was demonstrated on the day before adjournment as the assembly hotly debated the bill to provide eight million dollars in financial assistance for the state's commuter railroads. Shortly before the controversial measure came to a vote, a Bronx legislator was seated in one of the leather armchairs that ring three sides of the assembly floor chatting with a visitor. "What are you going to do about this railroad bill they're arguing about now?" the assemblyman was asked. "I don't know," he replied uncertainly. "It looks like it's going to pass, so I think I'll stay with it."

At that moment, a nattily dressed "legislative specialist" for one of the state's most powerful trade unions got up from a nearby chair (little effort is made to keep either visitors or lobbyists off the floor during the crucial closing hours) and strolled toward the assemblyman and his friend. Casually stopping to chat, the union representative leaned over and said: "We don't like this bill at all. It's going to pass, but at least it will show us who our friends are." When the roll was finally called, the legislator's vote was recorded with the Noes.

Admittedly, such direct interference in the legislative process is unusual. Nevertheless it does illustrate the facility with which lobbyists can operate directly on the floor during the adjournment rush. Such access to the legislators enables them to carefully nurse along the scores and scores of special-interest bills that fill

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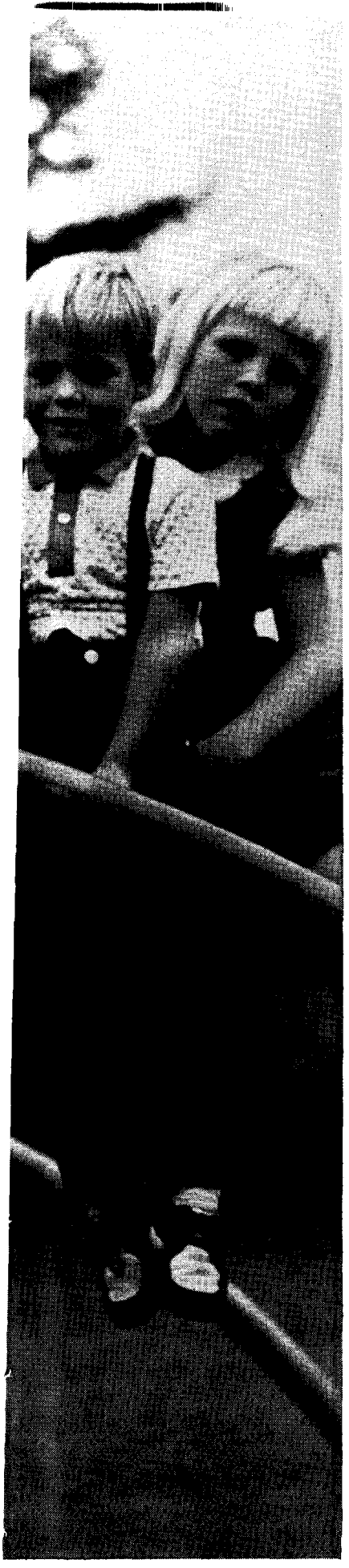

Has her spare time been shot to pieces by the baby boom?

IT MIGHT seem that Mrs. Joseph Woodstock's 8 (count 'em) youngsters are an extreme example of America's baby boom. Yet consider the fact that the number of families with 4 or more children under 18 years old has increased 60% in the past 10 years. Now consider the problem of finding spare time in the life of the average young American mother.

The number of her children is increasing. The range of her responsibilities, both inside and outside her home, is expanding. The demands on her time grow day by day. Yet no day gives her more than the same old 24 hours to solve daily problems and still find the spare time she needs for herself and her family.

Oddly enough she finds it. After 23 hours per week in the kitchen, after 20 hours a week doing laundry, sewing and cleaning, after nearly 60 hours a week of actual work, the average American wife still finds spare time to do many other things she wants to do.

Energetic young women like Mrs. Woodstock know they must find time to help solve the problems that affect both their families and their communities. Like Mrs. Woodstock, who has organized her church's charity group, other women invest their extra hours in civic, school and recreational activities. No problem that affects their families is too big and no daily activity too small to escape their careful attention.

For example, the young mother spends more time shopping than ever before. She knows that extra time spent in prudent shopping pays off in better living for all her family. That's why millions of thrifty women—shopping for half the families in our nation—now shop at stores that give S&H Green Stamps.

The good things they bring home with their S&H Green Stamps and the values they buy daily are proof of time and money well-spent.

An American Way of Thrift for 25,000,000 Families...

SINCE 1896 S&H GREEN STAMPS

GREEN STAMPS

DISTRIBUTED SINCE 1896 BY THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY

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the calendars in the closing hours. All too often, the lawmakers are so engrossed trying to keep up with the flow of major legislation and with their own pet bills that they seldom have the time (even if they have the inclination) to probe the fine print of the myriad special-interest bills.

Occasionally, however, an alert legislator will find a "joker" in an otherwise innocent-sounding bill and call it to his colleagues' attention. This is exactly what happened on the next-to-final afternoon when Assemblyman Wallach took the floor to attack a seemingly innocuous amendment to the workmen's compensation law. Wallach, one of the assembly's more thoughtful young members, argued that the measure would seriously weaken the law to the detriment of injured employees and to the benefit of the insurance companies, which maintain one of the strongest, most effective lobbies in Albany. So persuasive was Wallach that the assembly, which a few moments before had passed the amendment overwhelmingly, voted to reconsider its action. On the second go-round, the bill was killed.

GIVEN such relatively haphazard procedures, the most striking thing about the New York State legislature is that it manages to function as well as it does. This year, for instance, the legislature took constructive steps forward in the fields of charter reform, education, law enforcement, medical care for the aged, and transportation, and it more than held the line on rent control. The *Times*, while deploring the legislature's methods and stressing its omissions (particularly the demise of the Temporary Commission on Constitutional Revision), admitted that the recent session was "reasonably satisfactory." And even the New York State Liberal Party, which seldom has kind words for any organization dominated by upstate Republicans, said in a memorandum to the governor: "Generally speaking, the legislature has enacted a body of good legislation."

Some lawmakers use these unsolicited testimonials as evidence to counter the arguments of those who insist the legislative procedures need streamlining. They also argue that procrastination is inherent not only in the nature of every democratic legislative system but in the nature of the human beings who operate them as well.

Despite these explanations and rationalizations of individual members, the legislature as a whole recognizes that its processes leave something to be desired. Since 1896, five committees have sought ways and means of modernizing the legislature's procedures. Over the years, several minor innovations have been adopted. The most ballyhooed of these is pre-filing, a system which permits the lawmakers to submit bills before the convening of the legislature in the hope of distributing the work load more evenly. Unfortunately, it hasn't turned out that way. As Arvis Chalmers, veteran correspondent for the Albany *Knickerbocker News*, sees it: "All pre-filing does is let the boys get their old bills out of the way before January, giving them that much more time to think up new ones when the session actually gets under way."

In an oblique way, Chalmers put his finger on the real cause of the legislature's procedural problems: the ever-rising tide of legislation. Ten years ago, for instance, 6,186 bills were considered in Albany. This year, a record total of almost nine thousand went into the hoppers, more than forty per cent increase in a decade (and almost seventy-five per cent more than were submitted in Congress all of last year).

Of Myopia and Trout

Some of this legislative inflation is, of course, brought about by irresponsible lawmakers who sponsor bills merely to satisfy their own egos or appease even the smallest of pressure groups back home. Bill sponsorship, according to one assembly staff member, "is just a form of free personal advertising for some of these guys we get up here." Nevertheless, the frivolous and self-seeking proposals, bothersome and foolish as they may be, are not the major worry in Albany.

The real trouble is the legislature's own almost unlimited sovereignty. Once upon a time, when life was not so complex, the legislature could afford to concern itself with nonlegislative trivia. But the legislators can no longer afford to delve into every corner of life in New York State, nor are the individual members qualified to do so. This problem was put into focus during the adjournment rush when the assembly began considering a bill dealing with the question of who should be permitted to fit contact lenses.

"How should I know who should fit contact lenses?" asked one upstate legislator. "This isn't a political question with political answers. It's a technical question that should be decided by the licensing experts across the street in the Department of Education."

Many political scientists agree. "One of the most serious shortcomings of the legislature," observes Professor Belle Zeller of Brooklyn College, "is that it is required to decide administrative questions that are rightfully, but not constitutionally, in the province of the executive branch. By taking up so much of their time with matters such as who should fit contact lenses or how fishermen should catch trout, the legislature necessarily detracts from the attention it can give more general and significant questions of public policy."

The same difficulty exists with the tremendous amount of purely local legislation—consolidation of water districts in West Seneca, city-court fees in Tonawanda, standards of police training in Nassau County—which regularly clog the calendars. Some of the most lengthy and often acrimonious debates in the legislature center on these essentially local problems, which frequently result in the worst sort of partisan "deals" and log-rolling.

The answer, according to several serious-minded legislators, would seem to lie in the delegation of many of the legislature's quasi-administrative responsibilities to the executive branch and the ceding of more home-rule powers to the cities, towns, and villages. Such changes would not guarantee that the legislature would suddenly become a paragon of efficiency, but it would help to ease the constantly growing burden of legislation. "The important thing," says one assemblyman, "is that we get more time to think up in Albany. If we don't, we may find that the governor and Washington will try to do our thinking for us."

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Mr. Kennedy's Open Door Policy

DOUGLASS CATER

MR. TRUMAN, during his final days in office, escorted a television audience on a tour of the White House. It was the first time a President had done such a thing, and it was a rather stiff affair even when Mr. Truman took a brief turn at the piano. Mr. Eisenhower carried matters further by holding a simulated Cabinet meeting before the cameras, as well as one or two awkward "conferences" with Secretary of State Dulles. But it remained for Mr. Kennedy to allow TV to come into his office and watch the President unrehearsedly at work.

CBS got the jump on its competitors. Hailing its "Eyewitness to History" on February 17 as "the first time television has ever been permitted . . . during the actual conduct of official business," CBS offered a "candid glimpse" of what Walter Cronkite called the "fulcrum, the balancing point in which national crises come to rest, to be swung one way or the other by decisions made in the office of the President of the United States."

Actually, CBS would have provided a great deal more than a glimpse except for bad luck. Because of a technical mishap, most of the film made inside the White House proved to be out of focus and had to be scrapped. One rather brief and fuzzy strip that was salvaged showed Mr. Kennedy receiving a telephone call on February 15, the day of the pro-Lumumba riot in the U.N. Security Council. The transcript included the following dialogue:

CRONKITE (in hushed tones): "The waited call from U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson . . ."

KENNEDY: "Governor . . ."

CRONKITE: ". . . whom he—the President—customarily addresses by his former title of Governor."

KENNEDY: "Oh, yes, yes. How is that up there? Yes, that'd be fine. Oh, who is—who has withdrawn."

(Cronkite interjects an explanation of the U.N. situation while Kennedy listens to Stevenson.)

KENNEDY: "Have they announced that they're going to give the assistance or they're prepared to give it? I see. That's ah . . . Right, fine. Look, now let me ask you, what is the legitimacy of Gizenga?"

(Cronkite says who Gizenga is.)

KENNEDY: "Right. Well, I'll get ahold of that. If there's any further questions on this matter of the delegation—I'll get on this business of getting it to the Senate, and, ah, I'll have Kenny O'Donnell talk to some member of your staff if there are some questions further about it. O.K. Good. Thanks, Governor."

Strictly Candid

NBC came in second on February 28 with a program based on photographs of Kennedy and his entourage taken by Jacques Lowe which,

while inanimate and inaudible, were fairly intimate. But it was ABC that carried intimacy all the way. "Adventures on the New Frontier," on March 28, was a badly edited jumble of film strips prepared by Time, Inc. While purporting to be "not a filmed version of summary and opinion . . . but rather a personal adventure with the President," it took the viewer in confusing jumps from Senator Hubert Humphrey's "adventure" in the Wisconsin primary last March to that of G. Mennen Williams in the Congo this February. But it also took the viewer behind the closed doors while the President conferred with his assistant McGeorge Bundy on National Security Council business, attended a briefing by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and talked with Disarmament Chief John McCloy about when we would be ready to negotiate with the Soviets.

MCCLOY: "I think it probably would be pretty early fall, but from the way I can sense attitudes around town here, there's an awful lot of pessimism and an awful lot of studies that have to be resolved. We've got studies all over the place."

KENNEDY: "As far as saying anything to them, that would look pretty late. I thought at least we ought to indicate our . . . Otherwise, everybody's going to begin to assume that we're not as serious as . . ." (deletions by the producers).

While CBS had boasted of "an unprecedented look at the making of a President's decisions . . . ," it was left for ABC to show a President's decision actually being made.

ANNOUNCER: "The hour is late, the official day is ending, and now you will see the President in the more intimate moments of evening —moments that reveal his personal charm, the workings of an extraordinary mind, and the warmth with which he treats his close associates . . . Now Ted Sorensen is posing a question. For an insight into the workings of the Kennedy mind, watch how and when Sorensen finally gets his answer."

On the screen Sorensen thrusts a sheet of paper toward the President, apparently a list of names; Kennedy glances at it, gets up from his desk, walks into the next room, jiggles with the TV set, stands watching as the image of Chet Huntley emerges, snaps it off while Huntley is still narrating, walks back into his office, says "That's O.K." to Sorensen.

It was strictly candid, all right, except for one bit when Walter Heller, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, showed the President a letter he had received. As the scene dissolved and changed to the next sequence, one could hear a Presidential belly laugh that seemed to linger on and on. The producers later admitted it had been stretched out "by technical means" to cover the video transition.

The Inner Offices

About some things, Mr. Kennedy's notions of Presidential publicity have been more circumspect than his

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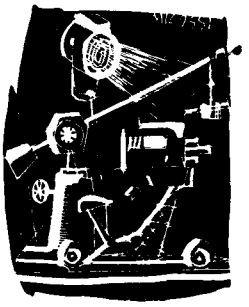
predecessor's. Reporters have been actively discouraged from accompanying him on his weekends to his country home. At Gettysburg, Press Secretary Hagerty regularly issued handouts to create the image of Eisenhower busyness, but Pierre Salinger doesn't even go along to Middleburg. And aware that the Eisenhower addiction to golf had become a subject of political banter, Kennedy has steadfastly refused to be photographed with a golf club in his hand.

Toward most requests of the press, however, the new President has been quite amenable. Franklin Roosevelt, though notably at ease with reporters, was chary about granting special privileges to any of them. Truman always kept his press secretary in the room to monitor occasional private sessions. Eisenhower never granted any until the very end. But Kennedy has appeared willing to try to continue on much the same free-and-easy basis that he allowed in the past. For the press, it has been a matter of testing what the traffic would bear. It began when John Steele wrote a firsthand account in *Life* of an afternoon spent with Mr. Kennedy during the period prior to the inauguration. Afterward, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News & World Report*, and the *New York Times Magazine* carried feature stories, with pictures, about the President's day. Reporters and photographers were allowed to record the vital statistics and to look in on the President at selected moments.

By THEN, the stampede was on. The senior AP and UPI reporters, Marvin Arrowsmith and Merriman Smith, claimed their day, spending a large part of it sitting on a couch across from the President in the oval office, where they could see all but hear little of what was happening. Though they had agreed to submit copy for review, Salinger afterward accepted their spoken assurance that nothing would cause any trouble.

It was predictable that the cameramen would fare well with Kennedy, who takes a good picture even in unguarded moments. It started with Jacques Lowe, a free-lancer whose work caught Kennedy's fancy several years ago and who worked for him during the campaign. Lowe has become a quasi-official court photographer who roams the inner offices pretty much at will and submits his candid shots to Salinger before selling them to NBC and other outlets. This has raised howls of protest from the other photographers regularly assigned to the White House, but Mr. Kennedy seems to enjoy having Lowe hovering in the background. Once when a high-ranking politician wanted to communicate something private and suggested that Lowe leave the room, the President abruptly turned him down.

Other prominent photographers like Cornell Capa have been granted time in the oval office, the Cabinet Room, and the other places where the President works. It was only a



small step to let in the TV men with their new portable cameras and hand-held shotgun mikes capable of picking up the fragments of conversation that escape the reporter's ear.

Mr. Kennedy, who has an amateur's fascination with this gadgetry, appears oblivious to it when he turns to affairs of state. Some of his associates are not so resilient. During "Adventures on the New Frontier," Assistant McGeorge Bundy was visibly ill at ease as he tried to brief the President about security matters, using oblique references to "the thing we discussed last week." During the session with the Joint Chiefs, Chairman Lemnitzer became nonplused when the discussion turned to classified matters until a Presidential aide finally asked the TV crew to desist and depart.

Television has posed a number of problems in discretion if not security. The films are cleared by Salinger, but no one has cleared the cameraman to make sure they don't repeat anything they may pick up. So far Salinger has been lenient. The "Adventures" editors themselves decided to eliminate the sound track of the meeting with the Joint Chiefs. They left in the dialogue with McCloy, fully expecting it to be disapproved at the White House, but it wasn't. Even after the clearance, Kennedy's remark was cut, reportedly by ABC news chief James Hagerty, who has had a certain amount of experience in the censorial duties of a President's press secretary.

Shadow Acting

The new propinquity of politician and press is not all a Kennedy innovation. In recent years, reporters and feature writers have increasingly taken to living with their subjects rather than interviewing them, as a way of capturing the "real" reality. This habit has been strengthened by the arrival in Washington of the visual-media men, who feel they don't have a story unless they have it recorded in complete detail. As technology has made the recording devices less obtrusive, their ambitions have grown greater. Robert Drew, producer of "Adventures on the New Frontier," speaks hopefully of the time when a sort of Stenotype visual record can be kept of what happens in places like the White House. With such a record, he predicts, it will be possible to do "truly creative" reporting on the Presidency.

Press Secretary Salinger has a matter-of-fact attitude toward the various prospects submitted to him. "I don't really believe that you can 'overexpose' the President of the United States," he said in a recent talk. "I think when people talk about 'overexposure' they are talking about show business—about jugglers and comics getting too much TV time."

Mr. Kennedy has approached this particular new frontier with a frank willingness to experiment. He shows a shrewd awareness that the only way to develop trust among most reporters is to trust them, or at least some of them. He has also been shrewdly aware that government, in the words of the old adage, is a vessel that *ought* to leak from the top. Unless the President serves as a prime source of public and background explanation about what is happening,

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there are rivals in Washington who are willing to do the job for him.

Replying to NBC correspondent Ray Scherer about why he was "so available," Kennedy said not long ago: ". . . the responsibilities placed upon the President by the Constitution and by events are great. How we meet these responsibilities, how the people who are associated with me are meeting them, what our relationship is and how we function, it seems to me, goes to the heart of the Presidency, and the Presidency is an office which in a sense is shared by all the people."

Mr. Kennedy also seems aware of the fact of life expressed by C. P. Snow, that ". . . an overwhelming majority of men find a fascination in seeing power confidently used, and are hypnotised by it." For a young President hoping to build majority support after entering office with a minority of the popular vote, such hypnosis must appear sorely necessary.

Television has opened up challenging vistas for a leader trying to explain the almost inexplicable problems that face him. It permits easy and informal communication with the public. Moreover, it guarantees an audience of millions who will always look at the President on the tube even if they will never bother to read anything he says.

BUT EAVESDROPPING on the President can have its dubious aspects. For one thing, television tends to hoke it up, to try to make a big show out of the Presidency. The real drama of decision making is a great deal more subtle and secluded. What the viewer is apt to see is a reality without substance. No matter how unrehearsed, it is shadow acting. When carried too far, it bastardizes the business of government and tempts the public to regard a President's job as less awesome than it is.

It also encourages imitators to stage their own little dramas. The other day, a White House assistant having some important business to transact with a Cabinet member took along a cameraman who was covering him that day. When he arrived, he found that the Secretary already had a reporter spending the day with him. And so, the four of them sat down to confer.

The Test-Ban Stalemate

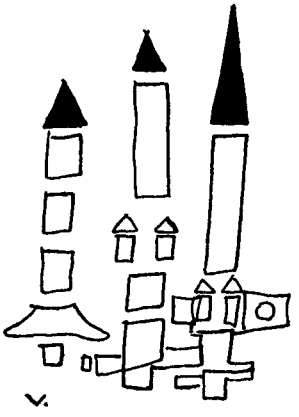
DANIEL SCHORR

GENEVA

IN OCTOBER, 1958, a young diplomat named Hugh Morgan came here on the British delegation to negotiate with the Soviet Union and the United States for a treaty banning nuclear weapons tests. Since then, Mr. Morgan has met a girl in Geneva, married her, settled down in a rented house, and become a father. Now his wife is expecting again.

No other delegate, and certainly not the British and United States governments, can match Mr. Morgan's record of achievement in this long-established East-West conference.

There are other evidences of how a conference can take roots in the number of long-term leases on houses (subject to cancellation on a month's



notice), and in the sight of Russian delegates' children packing cowboy pistols at play outside the Soviet headquarters.

There is a sense of institutionalization, too, in the oak-paneled Conference Room 8 of the sprawling lakeside Palace of Nations as this marathon negotiation—the only one to survive the U-2 controversy and the collapse of the summit conference—approaches its three hundredth session. There are accustomed procedures, a familiarity of manner, and a regular game of musical chairs as, each afternoon at three, a different delegate moves to the head of the three-sided table, his advisers moving with him, to act as chairman of the day.

But the air of permanence is deceptive, for the conference has reached its climax. It is no longer a matter of patient bargaining, of prodding a divided administration in Washington for yet another concession. The issue has been fully joined, and the question is now whether there is to be a treaty at all. And if not, what then?

The new administration, proclaiming this as the proving ground for Mr. Kennedy's negotiations with the Kremlin and impatient over the long, uncontrolled moratorium on testing, sent a new delegate, Arthur H. Dean, here on March 21 to resume the recessed talks, with instructions to press for an early decision.

Pointedly, though not threateningly, the urgency of early action was stressed. The President asked for "speed" in concluding "the first international arms control agreement in the nuclear age." Mr. Dean appealed for a treaty "as soon as possible." Britain's David Ormsby-Gore, for once fully in accord with the American position, said that an agreement should be possible in a matter of weeks.

Our Maximum Concessions

Mr. Dean came armed with an array of what were called maximum concessions. A ban on testing thirty-one miles up into the atmosphere and under water—explosions relatively easy to detect—had already been tentatively agreed upon. Now, the United States was ready to meet the Soviet Union halfway on the remaining disputed issues.

We would overlook our misgivings about the feasibility of detecting nuclear tests in outer space and include it in the prohibition. We would extend a moratorium on hard-to-detect small underground tests from twenty-seven months to three years (the Russians had proposed four to five years). We would show the Russians, Congress permitting, the outdated Hiroshima-type atomic bombs we proposed to use in experiments to improve detection. We would accept the Soviet demand for parity on the control commission that would

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enforce the ban. We would grant Russia the right to veto the control organization's budget. We would reduce our demand for control posts on Soviet territory from twenty-one to nineteen (against a Russian offer of fifteen).

This did not cover all the gaps between the positions—notably not the chasm between our insistence on at least twenty chances a year for inspectors to go and look at the scene of suspected secret tests in the Soviet Union, against a Soviet-proposed maximum of three—but it did appear to open up broad new avenues for negotiations.

But Russia's Semyon Tsarapkin was not interested in exploring these avenues. Even before Mr. Dean could outline the western proposals, Mr. Tsarapkin, exploiting his position as chairman of the day, made an opening speech disclosing that the Soviets had taken two long steps backward.

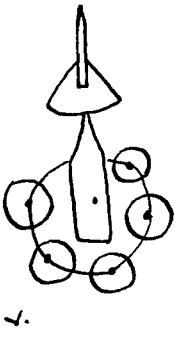
Borrowing a leaf from Khrushchev's United Nations book, the Soviet delegate withdrew his previous agreement to a single neutral administrator for the control organization and demanded a three-headed executive, representing the three blocs. And he warned that an agreement among the three hydrogen-bomb powers was imperiled by continued French development of nuclear weapons—an issue he had not raised before.

In the past, Mr. Tsarapkin had sometimes assumed a tough position for tactical purposes. This time the motive seemed to be strategic. While the West was still spelling out its position, the Soviet representative consented to give a television interview—something he had never done before—and, from a script in his hands, he called the American position "unacceptable," a single administrator "inadmissible," and a treaty without a halt in French testing "pointless."

MR. TSARAPKIN is a cautious bureaucrat who has sometimes held up negotiations for many days while he awaited explicit instructions from Moscow on a western proposal. This time he seemed sure of his ground, as if he had had advance instructions unrelated to the nature of the western proposals. While he took the formal position in the conference room that he would reply to the western presentation after the Easter recess, outside the conference room he freely commented to reporters that the western proposals were "much ado about nothing . . . completely unsatisfactory and insufficient."

As the conference resumed after Easter, Tsarapkin seemed in no hurry to provide answers to the western proposals. He welcomed the four points on which the West had yielded completely to the Soviet position. The other points, he said, were still under study.

The anxiety of the American delegation began to rise, and for the first time a delegation spokesman began to talk of "deliberate stalling." To emphasize the administration's concern, President Kennedy had Vice-President Lyndon Johnson stop off in Geneva on his return from Dakar and express impatience. Senator Albert Gore, who advises Mr. Kennedy



on nuclear matters, also sat in on the talks. He flew home shaking his head over the Soviet behavior.

The real clue to the current Soviet attitude, though, was not the shrugging off of western concessions but the demand for a three-headed administration. This was not a bargaining position but an attack on the whole idea of an inspection agreement. It meant that if seismographs registered a suspicious tremor somewhere in the Siberian wastes, three administrators would have to concur before it could be inspected. If the Soviets stuck to that position, they could not seriously want an agreement. In fact, there was strong reason to suspect, even before the negotiators returned to Conference Room 8, that Soviet interest in a treaty had waned.

Twelve days earlier, on March 9, Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson flew to Novosibirsk to deliver President Kennedy's message to Khrushchev. During their three hours together, they talked much about Laos and about Berlin—the latter subject introduced by Khrushchev. But, when finally Mr. Thompson sought to explain the President's position on arms control, he found the Soviet leader tired and unreceptive. The discussion was short.

The ambassador left with the impression that the Soviet premier was no longer greatly interested in a ban on nuclear testing isolated from a wider disarmament agreement. Khrushchev indicated his concern that agreement to inspection on Soviet soil would provide the West with a lever to be used in disarmament talks. He alluded to anticipated difficulties in getting the Chinese Communists to accept control posts on their territory. He told Mr. Thompson that he had not yet given the Chinese any nuclear weapons, and had no present intention of doing so. But, if testing were banned and the French continued to develop nuclear weapons, the Chinese would certainly increase their pressure for both Soviet nuclear warheads and missile systems.

Behind the Stalling

Mr. Thompson predicted, accurately, that French testing would be used as a pretext to stall the conference. Mr. Khrushchev did not give advance notice of his second pretext—the proposal for a three-power control administration.

In fact, the Soviet Union has little to gain from a treaty at this point. It has won an effective, and uncontrolled, suspension of testing that has hampered American nuclear development, through the "gentleman's agreement" that has already run long past its original one-year time limit. Presumably, the Russians count on the pressure of world opinion, stimulated by anti-nuclear marches and demonstrations, to keep that suspension in force.

The Russians have apparently had some second thoughts about even the modicum of inspection they were previously prepared to accept. Soviet newsmen in Geneva argued, in conversation, that America's real motive was political penetration into Russia, not scientific inspection. They quoted from articles in American

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periodicals that argued the advantage of a treaty as an entering wedge into the closed Soviet society.

The Soviets are not likely to walk abruptly out of this conference, as they did from the ten-nation disarmament talks last year. Their design, more probably, will be to keep the conference stalled, and later to propose that it be merged with general disarmament negotiations.

This presents America and Britain with a difficult decision. President Kennedy would face less resistance at home than Prime Minister Macmillan would in deciding to resume testing. But Mr. Kennedy would have to weigh the impact on the neutralist and underdeveloped countries that have become a focal point of his policy.

The West apparently means to keep trying. If the present stalemate continues, then as a first step the United States and Britain may take the issue to the United Nations to judge who is blocking a treaty. After that, the way is still dim.

An American delegate here said, with some dismay: "The issues seem too complicated to get across. How do we explain to people who have just started in the business of governing that the present moratorium is no good without a treaty and inspection?" «»

Dean Rusk's Debut

STANLEY KARNOW

BANGKOK

"ONE of the purposes of foreign policy is not to produce drama, but to work hard at problems and try to solve them."

When he enunciated this thoughtful axiom in Bangkok last month, Dean Rusk had just completed three sweltering days of difficult and delicate negotiations, his first overseas assignment as Secretary of State. And these measured words—spoken to soothe a harried reporter groping for snappy news—were an apt description of Rusk's approach to his job. He was not theatrical or, in any journalistic sense, colorful. But he displayed diplomatic flexibility and purposeful firmness. Most important, he constantly seemed to convey the conviction that he was not a star performer but a member of a cast that included a whole array of political and military luminaries, each playing a special and integrated role.

Unquestionably, ever since the beginning, the nature of SEATO has been rather fuzzy and confused. Created in Manila in 1954, SEATO was a peculiar sort of pact. It was scarcely regional, since its three Asian members—Thailand, Pakistan, and the Philippines—are far from each other, and its other five states—Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, France, and the United States—are not Asian at all. Each had joined out of different interests, fears, and motives. Pakistan, for example, was far more concerned with SEATO's potential contribution to the Kashmir issue than it was with Thailand's preoccupation with possible Communist incursions in the Mekong River valley. Britain's military base

in Asia was concentrated in Malaya and Singapore, and France, after losing Indochina, had abandoned practically everything but some vague cultural ties with the Orient. For Thailand, host country to SEATO, the organization was a device to get American military support; to the United States, it was the legal toehold on the Asian continent.

SEATO's defensive value was equally complicated. In the treaty's operative text, Article IV, all members were committed to action in the event of overt Communist aggression. But beyond consultations "in order to agree on the measures which should be taken," the pact provided no very clear wording on what could be done in the event of covert Communist subversion. And it was precisely this kind of shady, indefinable infiltration that the Communists were employing in Laos.

FOR A YEAR or more, SEATO had wrestled with the Laos problem, never quite able to reach the necessary unanimity for action—any sort of action—in that chaotic country. The Thais, whose borders were most directly threatened, favored immediate military intervention. The French, at the opposite extreme, sentimentally remembered their own peaceful half century in Laos and favored neutralism for the country, regardless of the risks involved. Attitudes toward Laos were indeed so divergent that when the Laotian government sent a letter to SEATO early this year requesting that the organization send in observers, it took the members three weeks to agree on a noncommittal answer.

Dean Rusk was perhaps not fully aware of the depth of these differences when he landed in Bangkok. At first, his objective was to persuade SEATO to issue a resolution that would commit the organization to take military measures if the Soviet Union refused to negotiate and if Laos requested help. This would not by any means be an ultimatum to the Russians, he insisted, but rather a strong statement that made SEATO's position clear. Almost immediately, however, Rusk discovered that achieving unity for such a proposal would be impossible. The French were the most recalcitrant. Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville explained: "I cannot take a position on a hypothetical question. I do not know in advance what will have to be done. Anyway, a political problem is never settled by military means."

In the hours that followed, an as-

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sortment of concurrent diplomatic and military operations took place around the world. President Kennedy met with Prime Minister Macmillan in Key West, and the next day with Andrei Gromyko in Washington, while the American ambassador in Moscow dealt with Khrushchev. American marines moved up to Udon in northern Thailand, taking positions to move into Laos if necessary, and units of the Seventh Fleet were already in the Gulf of Thailand and the waters off South Vietnam.

Simultaneously, Rusk began to adjust to the realities of SEATO in Bangkok. His primary concern now became bargaining for unity that would not hinder military intervention. Thus his efforts were directed more at getting unanimous approval for some potential action than at total agreement for unanimous action. In brief, he was willing to settle for an arrangement similar to the United Nations' participation in the Korean War, with a SEATO flag—like the U.N. flag—that could be used by whichever members were willing to intervene.

Beneath the gilded ceiling of a Thai government conference hall, Rusk put the American position into perspective. He explained how Communist strategy had evolved since the days of Stalin; how it had become more sophisticated, avoiding blunt frontal attacks in favor of infiltration and subtle propaganda. This increased the danger that pacts like NATO, CENTO, and SEATO could be outflanked, and therefore they had to maintain their solidarity. The way the Communists had contrived to subvert a large part of Laos was an obvious and urgent example of what Rusk meant. If SEATO fell apart trying to meet this threat, the Communist success would be all the greater.

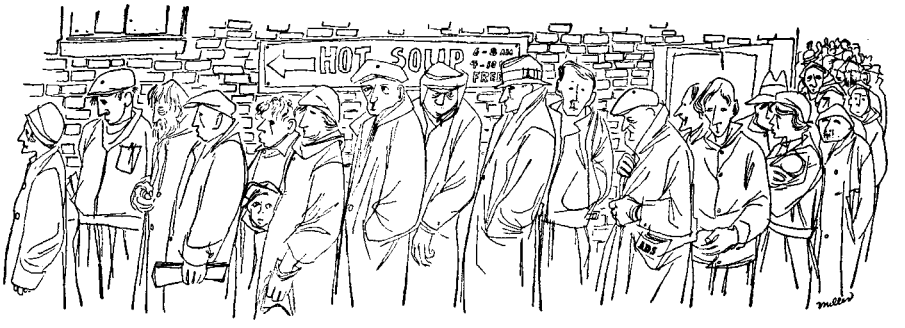
The Quiet Achievement

Even as he urged a strong SEATO resolution, Rusk knew full well that for the sake of unity he would have to fall back on something that sounded watery. But to prevent misunderstanding, he resorted to a clever device. Through members of his delegation, he deliberately leaked the essence of the American position to the press, stating in so many words that the United States wanted—as it always had—a tough SEATO statement. In effect, the press plant said: "This is the firm American intention that can be fitted between the lines of the seemingly mild SEATO resolution."

The final SEATO declaration did seem quite mild. It merely announced that if negotiations with the Russians failed, SEATO members "are prepared, within the terms of the Treaty, to take whatever action may be appropriate in the circumstances."

Correspondents accustomed to the ringing phrases of John Foster Dulles were disappointed; many of them, failing to grasp the real American intention that lay within the banal words, ruthlessly wrote of Rusk's failure. But in fact, those stereotyped terms provided the United States and other interested SEATO members with all the room necessary for any policy they wished to pursue. Negotiations with the Russians were not precluded. French sensitivities were not ruffled. If military intervention in Laos proved necessary, it could be undertaken without fear of veto by any SEATO member, and a SEATO flag could be flown over the operation. None of this was spelled out, but it was all there. "Read the resolution over thoughtfully," Rusk advised one journalist, "and you'll find that it contains all that is necessary."

The operative word in that advice is "thoughtfully." Considering the military preparations that were quietly accompanying the SEATO resolutions, not much thought was required to get beneath the flatness of its words to their real essence. Perhaps thoughtfulness, paralleled by stiff readiness, was what characterized Rusk's debut in Bangkok.



Where Poverty Is Permanent

WILLIAM FRANCOIS

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

IN 1948, 125,000 miners in West Virginia produced 168 million tons of coal. During the next ten years, coal operators poured out $500 million to mechanize their mines, and by 1958, 68,000 miners produced 150 million tons. The industry had performed a truly amazing feat: it had cut the work force nearly in half while almost maintaining production. The 1959 steel strike and a sagging economy both hit the coal industry hard (along with competitive fuels), and by the end of 1960, an average of 36,000 miners had produced about 120 million tons of coal. Within a span of twelve years, 89,000 miners had lost their jobs or were reduced to working one or two days a week. At least 78,000 of them could find no work of any sort.

This is the basis for the migration of 200,000 West Virginians—a migration as vast and as disruptive as that of the Okies in the years of the depression. Forty thousand are living in the Akron area; other thousands have moved to Cleveland, Mansfield, Detroit, Chicago . . . .

Those who have left the coal fields are the lucky ones. An estimated 35,000 jobless miners have stayed behind—hoping against hope. "They should leave," says R. R.

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Humphreys of Charleston, secretary-treasurer of District 17, United Mine Workers, "but a great majority won't until it's too late. Then they can't."

THE SAME KIND of problem extends into the coal fields of Pennsylvania, Virginia, eastern Kentucky, and southern Ohio. In Harlan County, Kentucky, for example, there are fewer than five thousand miners now; there were 12,500 in 1950. In seven Virginia mining counties, ten thousand people depend on surplus foods. In central Pennsylvania, seventy-five thousand men worked in the mines twenty years ago; there are fewer than fifteen thousand now. But there, at least, a sizable garment industry has grown up to provide forty thousand jobs—mostly for the wives and daughters of miners.

As Zane Kuzman, for eighteen years a miner in the Coaldale region, puts it: "I just couldn't believe that a healthy, willing guy like me couldn't get a decent job. But at forty-seven I'm reduced to a housekeeper while my wife goes out and earns the bread and butter. After forty, you're done. They just won't talk to you about a job."

One out of every four West Virginians now receives surplus foods. As you might expect, the majority of them are in the coal fields. McDowell County is the worst hit, with thirty-eight thousand people, or forty per cent of the population, on the dole; it is one of the eight localities in the United States where a food-stamp plan will be tried this summer by the Department of Agriculture. There are twenty thousand in Logan County, eighteen thousand each in Mingo and Fayette. It's almost as bad in other coal counties.

Many towns and villages are deserted. New shutdowns and layoffs imperil others. Even before the situation grew worse during the winter, the West Virginia Welfare Council had warned that the "present economic distress in certain areas of the state is causing a breakdown in the health and morals of our citizens."

Welfare officials in these areas are in despair. "The children are the future," one remarked. "It's terrible to think what's happening to many of them." Some welfare workers have quit because, under the present laws, they cannot help the families of miners who are able to work but can't find jobs.

Thomas Kennedy, who succeeded John L. Lewis last year as president of the United Mine Workers, has urged extension of unemployment compensation and other measures to aid the miners, including efforts to attract new industries to the depressed areas. But the rugged hills of West Virginia may prove too formidable.

"You can't build industrial plants on top of West Virginia's hills," asserts David L. Francis, mayor of Huntington and president of the Princess Coal Company, which employs one thousand men at nine mines. "What's the answer? Export coal and miners—just as we have been doing. The Mayo State Vocational Technical School at Paintsville, Kentucky, has done a terrific job of retraining our boys and putting thousands of them into the Northern states. As I see it, this is the solution."

Lewis, the shaggy-browed union patriarch who fought the coal operators tooth and nail during the bloody 1920's and early 1930's, agrees. "We are not trying to keep men in the mines just to retain jobs," he once said. "The unemployed miner should move on to other jobs."

On the need for mechanization, both coal operators and UMW officials agree, although some union leaders openly question the speed used to accomplish this feat. They are also staggered by the results—and by the switch to competitive fuels.

"But if we hadn't mechanized," Mayor Francis of Huntington points out, "we'd be dead now. We've lost major markets and must compete with other fuels that have tax advantages. The fact that the price of coal at the mine has not gone up in the last ten years—during a period of inflation—is a major accomplishment."

MANY MINERS were old enough to apply for pensions when they were laid off. In UMW's District 17, for example, fifteen per cent of the men cut off are over sixty and eligible for pensions. Pension applications have increased fifty per cent during the past two years. In this one West Virginia district, where fifteen thousand union miners are now working compared with thirty-five thousand in 1947, 7,500 are now receiving pensions. This upsurge in pensions has forced the UMW to reduce payments to 65,600 retired soft-coal miners from $100 a month to $75. Previously the union had cut pension payments to hard-coal miners from $100 to $50.

The union paid out $78 million last year to sixty-five thousand retired bituminous-coal miners. An additional $57 million was paid out during that same period for hospitalization and medical care, plus another $37 million in other benefits. All these programs are financed by the forty-cent-a-ton royalty paid by the coal operators to the UMW. "I shudder to think what would happen if it wasn't for the miners' welfare fund," the state mine director says.

In addition to a lowering of pension payments, limitations have been placed on medical care. The welfare fund ran $18 million in the red last year, and there was a $15-million deficit the year before. The gap was bridged by dipping into the fund's reserves, which are down to $116 million compared with $150 million in 1958.

OIL and natural gas are the prime cause of the coal industry's troubles. In 1900, coal supplied seventy per cent of the nation's energy requirements. Now it's 26.7 per cent. Railroads have switched to oil; the nation's homes are nearly all heated by gas or oil.

The head of the biggest coal company in the state, Raymond Salvati, says the solution is simple. "We have to get people to consume more coal." But Governor Underwood, who relinquished his office to W. W. Barron on January 16, has felt, like many others, that "greater coal production will mean more machines, not more men."

Is there a solution that goes beyond stopgap measures? Most of the people who are closest to the problem feel that the only answer lies in retraining and relocating miners in areas where redevelopment projects, government loans, public works, and other forms of pump priming are more feasible than they are in the rugged terrain of West Virginia.

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Sasha, Vovo, And Natasha

JEREMY and GABRIELLA AZRAEL

CHILDREN, it has frequently been said, are the same the whole world over. Sasha, Vovo, and Natasha, however, could only have been Soviet. Aged thirteen, twelve, and eleven, already trained and formed by their society, they were Soviet adults writ small.

For an American, it is often difficult to judge the age of a Soviet child; and so it was with Sasha. Short, slight, brown-eyed, with thick black hair, he had the physique of an eleven-year-old in this country. But Sasha was almost fourteen. He was in the sixth class at school, where like almost all his classmates he was taking biology and chemistry, mathematics and algebra, Russian language and literature, geography and history, and a foreign language—in his case English. Despite his heavy schedule, he gladly gave up five of his free hours weekly to study with us. English was Sasha's passion, and he had even switched schools because the old one didn't offer it. His reason was as specific as it was Soviet: he had already decided his vocation. He was going to be a translator and interpreter, because this was both "cultured" and "socially useful." In order to learn English "properly," as he was fond of putting it, he felt he had to write down a certain number of words and grammatical rules daily. Whenever we tried to coax him into a more casual attitude, we ran up against polite resistance. Learning was a process he knew well (he was a straight-A student), and he was loath to abandon any part of it. But learning was only one part of life, and during the regular breaks he set up, all his childish vitality would bubble forth as he told us in Russian of his stamp and coin collections.

Beneath the red Pioneer's scarf of almost any Soviet child, you are sure to find the heart of a budding numismatist or philatelist. In fact, it is through the difficulty of getting certain stamps that these children often first discover the limits of their world. But if they are lucky, they find a way. Sasha lived in a show-place housing development and managed to use his English to meet Bruce, an American youngster who was being shown around with his parents. Sasha danced with joy when he got his first letter from New York a month later. That American stamp became his most prized possession, and Sasha became a staunch advocate of cultural exchanges. He wondered what he could send Bruce of equal value, and we finally settled on a few Russian and Chinese stamps from Sasha's own collection. Only after the return letter was mailed did we read in the New York *Times* that United States government agents had broken up a ring of American philatelists trafficking in Chinese stamps in violation of the Trading with the Enemy Act. We never told Sasha, and Bruce was never apprehended.

SASHA frequently asked about the United States. Nothing overshadowed for him the enormous fact that American children go to school only five days a week, instead of the Soviet six. ("Papa, Papa," he shouted into the kitchen, "did you hear that?" But Papa said, "That's why we are catching up with and overtaking the United States," and Sasha looked a little deflated.) He listened to all our answers with rapt attention. We asked him what he already knew about America. "I know that America has good industry, good agriculture, talented people like Paul Robeson and Van Cliburn, that the people don't want war but that your ruling circles do." How do you undo a lesson so thoroughly learned? And dare you try with a child who will always live in the Soviet Union?

On another occasion, Sasha's mother was treating us to her special homemade Ukrainian delicacies when Sasha asked if he could have a taste of wine. His mother quickly said, "No, of course not," and just as quickly poured him some. He raised it Russian fashion, clinked glasses, and said shyly, "May there always be peace and friendship not only between us but between our countries." Only later did we realize that any foreigner would have thought this a monstrous example of indoctrination, or a cynical parody of diplomatic toasting. To us at the time, it seemed neither. It was bright-eyed Sasha talking and we had been in Moscow many months. It sounded normal and we knew he meant every word.

Sasha wasn't simply a parrot. He was a bright, happy little boy who could think on his feet. When he asked why Americans never seemed

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to have the lapel buttons advocating peace, friendship, Sputniks, or service in the virgin lands that are so popular in the Soviet Union, we finally decided to try to infuse him with a little bracing and salubrious American democratic spirit. At election time, we explained, everyone puts on the pin of his favorite candidate, argues with those who endorse the rival candidate, and openly champions his favorite. Sasha thought this over. "I see," he said finally." It's true, your elections aren't free. You can't keep your choice a secret." Grudgingly, we had to admire the mental agility of this child, who does not merely regurgitate propaganda but can apply the basic categories to a totally new situation. Sasha was if anything quicker than his adult compatriots, but his mind worked the way a good adult Soviet mind would. A Moscow University professor once asked us the difference between American and Soviet elections. We were too tired to fight but too proud to surrender completely, so we simply said, "We use mechanical voting machines instead of hand-marked ballots." Even Sasha was willing to concede that America was ahead in *tekhnika,* but the professor exclaimed with glee, "Aha! the machine takes your picture as you pull the lever!"

WHEN Sasha wanted anything, he would discuss with his mother the effect of the outlay on the family finances. His greatest dream was for a typewriter with Latin letters, and he had made a sober estimate of how many movies and soccer balls he would have to give up in order to pay his share. He still thought it might cost too much, but manfully explained that some things were worth sacrificing in order to further one's career. Both his parents were successful, well-paid engineers, but Sasha had been trained from infancy to be mature and considerate of all the other members of the family collective. The only thing, for example, that could make him break off his English lessons in mid-course was his constant wish to help his sick grandmother.

Grandma was a warm and wonderful woman, but she had long lived under Stalin, and she never quite got used to having Americans as regular callers at her house. She got upset every time Sasha would become deeply engaged in a "political" discussion with us. "Act your age," she would admonish. The adult attitude, as she knew it, was to avoid such discussions.

There were other sides to Sasha's relations with foreigners and Grandma's perspective on them. One May afternoon, Sasha interrupted our lesson and started to straighten up the room and lay down scatter rugs on the floor. These precious treasures were generally kept in the hall closet. Grandma came in and, seeing the rugs down, took them all up again. "Grandma, *what* are you doing?" Sasha yelled, and then laid them down again. "What are *you* doing?" Grandma retorted, and took them up a second time. Sasha, it seems, had got word from the superintendent's office that a group of American tourists were coming that afternoon to see the development, perhaps to his apartment. "Grandma," Sasha said in exasperation, laying out the rugs a third time, "Father has given me exact instructions as to how the house should look when foreigners come, so don't interfere." Grandma surrendered quietly, but she exchanged looks with us. She knew that we were foreigners; Sasha hadn't yet learned that.

The last time we saw Sasha was over a long farewell lunch late in June. His last assignment in English had been to memorize the Amy Lowell poem that begins "I saw a star slide down the sky/Grazing the moon as it went by." We had been curious to see how Sasha, with his practical knowledge of astronomy, would react to this. He surprised us by having set the poem to his own music. His mother played and he sang, standing at attention beside the piano, full of the pride of creativity, full of response to the poem, and looking out the window toward the red star of the Kremlin.

WHEN Vovo picked us up as we left the hotel in Leningrad, we assumed that he was simply one of the many Soviet children who congregate about the Intourist hotels trying to beg or trade American gum, coins, match covers, and stamps. This is the way children less well brought-up than Sasha acquire their collections. In this group, Vovo was at a distinct disadvantage, for he knew no English and was far from "cute." His hair was tousled, his clothes baggy, and he was more than chubby and less than clean. What he wanted was American post cards. When we reported that we had none, Vovo decided that we needed his informed guidance around the Soviet Union's most beautiful city. We had intended simply to wander anyway, so we let him join us.

Vovo was twelve. He had begun collecting post cards, he reported, because they gave him a chance to find out about life in other countries. He had for a long time been trying to get cards from America, but tourists never came supplied with scenes of home. Sensing his deep disappointment, we promised to dig up American post cards among our friends in Moscow and send them to him along with cards from every country we passed through on the way back to America. He was overjoyed, and immediately wrote down his name and address. However, he requested that we mail all cards from one of the countries of "the socialist camp," since "Mail from the capitalist countries is not let through." This he said matter-of-factly, suggesting a mature awareness of Soviet realities even though in this particular case his facts were wrong. He understood the system well enough to want to play it safe.

But he also knew his "rights" under the new Khrushchevean dispensation. He became furious when an overzealous adult approached him and, assuming that we would not understand, questioned Vovo about what he was doing with us. The in-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 31

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 100 76 4 42 110 206 214 28 178 122 150 20
Eighteenth century fad which might have been inspired by the Acrostician. (4,2,6)

B. 56 16 204 82 A vein of ariferous quartz.

C. 18 200 40 84 116 74
To stick in; to be vested in.

D. 36 192 144 120 14 166 62 198
The part of an accusation that bears most heavily on the accused.

E. 54 152 168 124 224 190 88 136 68
Overcoat with a removable cape.

F. 34 176 194 218 2 148 30 102 130 182
An instrument for estimating sliding friction.

G. 8 212 86 114 A swell; a dandy. (Br. slang)

H. 46 24 48 22 138 96 140 104 164 132 216
To estimate by projecting data.

I. 142 6 72 112 156 94
The smallest English hound; a spy or informer; a constable.

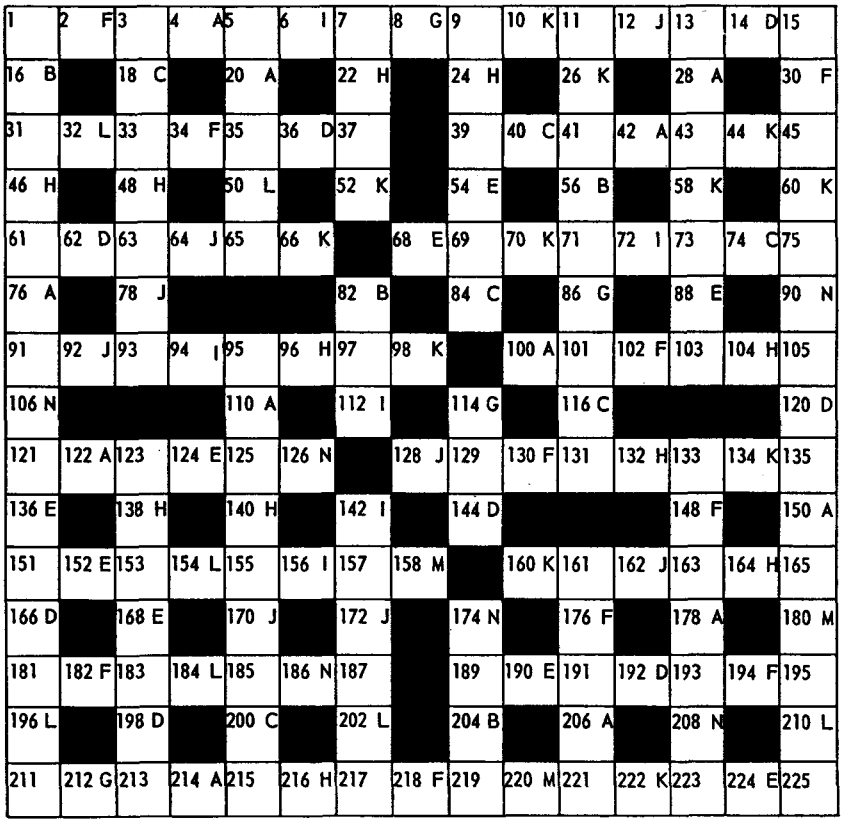
J. 172 78 128 12 64 92 162 170
Asphodel or King's Spear. (Obs. sp.)

K. 66 222 52 134 160 58 26 60 10 70 44 98
A solid bounded by six planes which form parallelograms.

L. 210 202 50 154 196 184 32
To roll down; to delegate responsibility.

M. 220 158 180 A room in a harem.

N. 208 186 90 126 106 174 Alabama river.



Across

1. After "and," vehicle of the Acrostician. (3,7,5)
31. A reserve fund kept by a cardinal? (4,3)
39. Audibly tick off a dramatist.
61. Conner is in the rear of the French.
68. A mere star has a long tail of light.
91. Not a living bridge but a term of endurance. (4,4)
100. To store in a bundle of hay.
121. You press the extras.
128. Meet fire with leisure. (4,4)
151. Enlisted the elder fifty? No.
160. A first class bell for a devil.
181. Let the river be a type.
189. Fix habits in the name of Lear's daughter?
211. Junior friars or the victims of primogeniture? (7,8)

Down

1. Army leaders meet at the U.N.? (7,8)
3. Fad fits this description of the Acrostician's side.
5. About Eve or an old bailiff?
7. Ship in the vulgar Golden Fleece legend.
9. Arouse this French exit.
11. What place precedes the golfer's cry? Why?
13. Find a mat about the house for the number one Moslem.
15. How Barrie might have characterized an object in orbit. (5-5, 4)
82. Wear out a cigarette.
95. Troll and sing while walking.
114. An Italian cleric far from home.
123. A raven up in the world? The upstart!
133. Ape found at one time.
142. Can the carrier be behind?
161. Wrangle up to a bit of work.
174. The prophet is dry, we hear.

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terrogator was sent abruptly on his way. In Vovo's shocked "My God, what business is it of his?" there was not only childish pride in his adult ability to assert his independence but also an adult indignation at the childish system that denies—or can deny—all right to privacy.

Vovo belied his twelve years and demonstrated his early-acquired Sovietness by asking a Nevsky Prospekt's length of questions about the price of commodities in the United States. He had a quite accurate idea of comparable Soviet prices, and knew that these prices had to be considered in conjunction with the average wage rate in the two countries. America was for him, as for all Soviet citizens, the standard of comparison, but he wanted to compare the hard goods of daily life, not the refinements of *tekhnika* that had so fascinated Sasha. Here was a difference of background, a difference of class. But what was really striking about Vovo's economic orientation was that he had a sophisticated comprehension of the nature of peaceful economic competition.

As a guide, Vovo proved more than adequate. He knew all the major attractions of Leningrad, and something of their historical significance. We strolled with him through the marble-paneled grand ballroom of the House of Pioneers, where the high and mighty once played out their lavish lives and where dozens of children now played their games, some sitting studiously over chess, others darting around the huge pillars in a frantic game of tag. Down in the former reception hall, we stopped to listen for a few minutes to a wind-instrument concert. The earnest young musicians, the dedicated conductor, and the bored but proudly patient parents presented a slightly ridiculous picture, but one that we all agreed was a must for Vovo's Pioneer newspaper. Vovo, it turned out, was a reporter and spent most of his mornings (he attended the afternoon shift at school) running around Leningrad getting stories. Mostly he wrote about the activities of his classmates at the House of Pioneers, which in addition to general play facilities had musical groups, workshops, science clubs with small laboratories, nature

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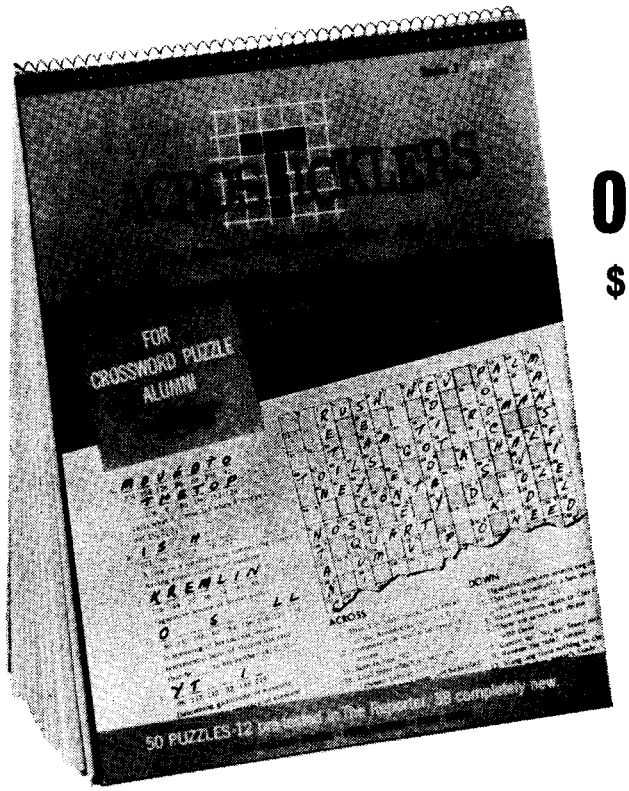

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clubs, and sports teams. Vovo could get admitted to any of them any time with his official Pioneer News Reporter card, which he showed us with pride. Sasha too had had a "social obligation," and in his case it was burdensome. As a good student, he was permitted to "volunteer" to give comradely tutoring to his less brilliant classmates.

The Peter and Paul Fortress which we visited next, was an important symbol in Vovo's eyes. As we passed through the cathedral where the czars after Peter are buried and the prison where so many nineteenth-century intellectual dissenters and revolutionaries were left to rot, Vovo could not contain his excitement. He had learned the official guide's patter backwards and forwards, as history, and it was supremely important to him personally that it be impressed upon us that here was Russia's dark past, standing in stark contrast to its present and to its brilliantly lighted future.

But there were also reminders that Vovo was just twelve and that the present was wonderful to him in a twelve-year-old way. As we wandered back toward the hotel, he tried to book us for further touring in the evening after he got out of school. We had to refuse because we had tickets to the circus. He said nothing, but he stopped at every sidewalk booth en route to inquire idly whether they happened to have an extra circus ticket. His pretended air of casual indifference when he finally found one could not cover his childish excitement. We knew of course that he had no money for such a luxury; and after he had assured us that his mother would not object to his being out so late at night, especially with Americans, we succumbed to his hope that we would take him.

Vovo told us that he and his mother had a "comradely relationship," and that she trusted him completely. He had never known his father and he really got to see his working mother only after school and on Sundays; but he was clearly very devoted to her, and he spoke joyfully of how they went to movies together every Sunday and sometimes had dinner in a downtown cafeteria. This was only sometimes, because the cafeteria prices, all of which he quoted for us, were "outrageous." Like Sasha, he had been trained early to budget-consciousness (in Vovo's case with more pressing need) and for him "comradeship" implied a mature mutual consideration of family finances.

At the circus Vovo was as entranced with Filatov's bears as he should have been and as we were. He was wonderful to watch and we took vicarious pleasure from his reactions. The strange thing was that he also watched *ours* and took vicarious pleasure from *them*. It was clearly of great importance to him that we be not only happy but also impressed. All Russians have a pervasive insecurity about their own identity, a compulsion to judge themselves through foreigners' eyes. Not even a circus could make a Soviet twelve-year-old forget this.

Vovo, like so many Soviet children, wants to be an engineer when he grows up. His above-average grades and the successful execution of his "social obligation" mean that he will probably get a college scholarship and reach his goal, although only after he has worked two years before entering college. We wouldn't be surprised if he became a party member and even a party official. He will have to restrain some of his open curiosity about foreign ways, but the régime will provide other outlets, more and more Pioneer palaces. He will be the sort of self-made man of lively intelligence and practicality whom the system regularly recruits directly into its service. His Khrushchevean build and self-confident manner already make him seem a miniature *apparatchik*. Yet as we passed the Hermitage on the way back from the circus, Vovo urged us to be sure to visit it; he had been many times. When we asked him what part of the museum he liked best, he answered without hesitation or embarrassment, "The Raphael Room. His Madonnas are so beautiful."

We met Natasha while walking through Moscow's Gorky Park of Culture and Rest one March day. Dressed in the long, thick tan stockings that Soviet schoolgirls wear, a heavy, fur-collared muddy winter coat, and the perpetual Russian kerchief, she had the swaddled look of

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all Muscovites in winter. Her mountain of clothing made Natasha seem even smaller than she was, and she couldn't have weighed more than sixty-five pounds or have been more than three and a half feet tall. Her shining eyes and oval face gave her a delicate beauty that was the more striking for its drab encasement. We would have guessed she was eight; she turned out to be eleven.

We met when she asked us where the bus stop was. Our answer must have struck her fancy, for instead of following our directions, she began to follow us. Probably it was our accent, for she finally mustered the courage to come up beside us. Her first question was, "Where are you from?" When she learned we were Americans, she wasn't a bit confused, but began the familiar ritual of questions. (Would an American eleven-year-old even know how to begin to ask a question about the Soviet Union?) She explained that she particularly wanted to know because "Here Americans are called fascists but"—and this either from politeness or already mounting skepticism—"that's not true, is it?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she mused aloud, "What government is it that wants war? I forget, but I think it's the American."

As we rounded the next bend in the path, we came upon a panoramic view of the latest masterpieces of socialist architecture, sharp and dully uniform against the Moscow skyline. Natasha asked suddenly about the tall buildings in America, "which have real gardens on their roofs." We were well used by this time to the Soviet set piece about New York skyscrapers, which manages simultaneously to convey wonder and incredulity and scorn. Skyscrapers are incredible feats of engineering, but somewhat ominous, un-Soviet, and therefore suspicious. But Natasha wasn't interested in all that. Those roof gardens, growing up there near the sky! That was truly wonderful. She didn't know where she had heard of them, but somewhere she had got this germ of an idea about America, and it had lived and grown and she wasn't going to let it go. On passing the pond in the park, she gaily told us of the American swan that lived there in the summer—or had lived there but had perhaps recently moved somewhere else. These were her private contacts with America and would, though this she could not know or say, always lead her to doubt that Americans are fascists.

As we climbed the slippery hill, she naturally and trustingly gave us her hands. The snow reminded her of one of her greatest unhappinesses. In the summer, she told us, she goes with her family to their *dacha* in the country, so that she has never been able to play in the park when the Ferris wheel is in operation. But "It's just wonderful, and you must be sure to come and see the park when it's beautiful and filled with people and flowers." We felt that Natasha was lonely. Why, we don't know, although she did ask us if American children are like Russian children—always fighting. But she was obviously self-sufficient, able to enjoy tramping alone around the park, imagining a world of Ferris wheels and roof gardens and friendly children.

Our cold springtime walk had lasted only an hour, but Natasha had made it memorable. When we learned that she planned to walk home because she had spent all her money on candy, we insisted on giving her a ruble, which she took without embarrassment. Then she climbed happily aboard a mammoth brown double-decker bus and waved good-by.

NATASHA was no more an automaton or a stereotype than Vovo or Sasha. But she was Soviet no less than they—in her resourcefulness, self-confidence, maturity, hazy mixed-up thoughts on war and peace with labels attached to different countries (but none of them clear or quite believed), an acquaintance with the myth of America, pride in the delights of Moscow, and concern that foreigners see them at their best. Because of her remark about her summers at the family *dacha,* we guessed that Natasha's family are included among the Soviet élite, which would explain the absence of that proletarian practicality and drive that marked Vovo. Vovo envied us our low-priced clothes and not our roof gardens; he admired Soviet Russia's proud history and not its gay Ferris wheels. Sasha shared something of both.

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Pegler the First

OLIVER PILAT

WHEN Arthur James Pegler died on March 7 in Tucson, the wire-service obituaries were brief and confused. This was not surprising: Pegler had been retired for a quarter of a century. None of those who wrote about the veteran newspaperman seemed to know that he was—on the authority of experts like Ben Hecht and Robert J. Casey—the inventor of the "Hearst style." This was a combination of blood-and-thunder rhetoric, trick idiom, and colorful phrases best illustrated by the famous line about "15 foul fiends dancing on the grave of this fair white girl tonight."

During the First World War, Arthur James Pegler himself contributed to the eclipse of the Hearst style by writing in a magazine article that a Hearst paper resembled "a screaming woman running down the street with her throat cut." He was promptly fired by the Hearst newspaper for which he was working. His simile may have been considered defective, by the then current Hearst standards, since it failed to specify whether the woman was disheveled, partially disrobed, or naked.

Arthur James Pegler was born in Staines, England. In two successive short obits, the Associated Press gave his age as ninety-six and ninety-nine. The reason for confusion about so much of Pegler's life is that he frequently revised his adventures, particularly his misadventures, to suit himself and his audience. For the benefit of a *Time* interviewer in the 1930's, Pegler said he worked for the London *Daily Telegraph* before he was twenty, traveled to the United States in 1884, and "rode the range in the Dakotas for three years" before "returning to journalism" with the Sioux City *Times* to cover the trial of a brewer who had killed the town's chief temperance advocate. Twenty years later, Pegler said he gave up a job as potboy in a London alehouse in 1879, when he was seventeen, to travel to Iowa as an indentured farm hand under an arrangement that paid him twenty dollars a year in cash for two years. In other autobiographical references, he said he was sent to the United States by his parents to learn the cattle business, but gave it up because he couldn't stay on a horse.

Certainly, during the late 1880's and early 1890's, Pegler became a "boomer," one of that quarrelsome, heavy-drinking tribe of nomads, including telegraphers and printers as well as reporters, who drifted from employer to employer and from town to town as their itching feet and the bite of necessity dictated. In 1892, a gang of thieves called the Rice Street Gang, whom he had exposed for a St. Paul newspaper, slugged him and tossed him into a river.

The best anecdotes about Arthur James Pegler stem from his Chicago *American* days. One morning he strolled into a Chicago bank where the examiners were struggling with the accounts of a president who had gone to Canada. Throwing his stick and gloves on the table, Pegler said: "Let's get to business, gentlemen," in a voice that grated like a dull file. Naturally the examiners assumed he worked for the bank, and the illusion lasted until Pegler got up to catch his next edition with the story.

Some of the best Pegler stories were brought home for the entertainment of his family and never reached the public domain. On one out-of-town assignment for the Minneapolis *Tribune,* Pegler was caught in a snowstorm near Selby, Iowa. He knocked on the door of a farmhouse and was admitted hospitably by a woman. After a little time had elapsed, she asked him to sit up with her husband's body while she went off to arrange for a coffin. Some hours later, Pegler awoke from a doze with a start. The corpse's eyes had opened.

"You're dead," the reporter pointed out. "Hell, no," was the reply. "It's just my epileptic fits! The old woman tried to bury me three times before this."

Pegler told how he and the corpse then drank together companionably. But with a serious face he concluded the story by saying to his sons, John and Francis W., "In the name of God, boys, do anything else, but don't be a newspaperman!" The advice was not followed by Francis, who had been named for his mother but who finally settled on Westbrook.

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RECORD NOTES

BIZET: SYMPHONY IN C. Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (Capitol; mono or stereo.)

What an appealing memento of the late conductor! Despite Beecham's long gramophonic association with the music of Bizet, he had never recorded the early Symphony in C until the fairly recent sessions that yielded this disc. Not surprisingly, his reading of the bubbling score vastly outdistances all other versions.

Sir Thomas's knack of stating a theme vigorously but not strenuously, his gift for unfolding and shaping a melody with delicately nuanced stresses, his characteristic lightness of touch are all splendidly in evidence. The French orchestra does his biddling with crackling brio and lovely tone (the oboe playing in the second movement is particularly worthy of note) and the engineering is faultless. I prefer the stereo version for its airier texture and its delicious highlighting of the little fugue in the Adagio. On the reverse side, Beecham does what he can for Edouard Lalo's Symphony in G minor, but not even his deft hand can make much of it.

DURUFLE: SUITE, OPUS 5. Virgil Fox, organ. (Capitol; mono or stereo.)

The long Suite by Maurice Duruflé, a French organist and composer born in 1902, is the sort of music that will appeal mightily to pipe organ addicts and just as mightily irritate anyone who harbors the slightest antipathy to that stentorian instrument. Its compound of sensuous modal meanderings and coruscating high jinks, of dulcet billowings and brassy blares, is very French and highly effective. If the artistic level is not too far removed from the Wurlitzer fare one used to hear in movie theaters, let the point pass. M. Duruflé creates magnificent noises.

The disc (entitled "Organ Music from France") also contains César Franck's Chorale No. 1, Marcel Dupré's Prelude and Fugue in G minor, and Louis Vierne's Scherzo from the Second Symphony. Virgil Fox performs it all with impressive virtuosity, and his instrument (in Manhattan's Riverside Church) has all the requisite plushy registrations. Again the stereo version is the one to get, especially for the frothy Vierne Scherzo, with its jaunty shuttling of themes from one bank of pipes to the other.

GABRIELI: SACRAE SYMPHONIAE. Choir and Brass Ensemble of the Gabrieli Festival, Hans Gillesberger, cond. (Vanguard; stereo.)

CANZONAS AND SONATAS. Concert ensemble of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, August Wenzinger, cond. (DGG Archive; stereo.)

The high Venetian Renaissance peals forth resplendently in the flamboyant, tapestried music of Giovanni Gabrieli, a composer more widely appreciated today—thanks to the microgroove record—than at any time since the late sixteenth century. There is no escaping the obvious comparison between his music and the paintings of Tintoretto; grandeur of design, dramatic contrasts, and brilliant color are their common esthetic hallmarks. Gabrieli achieved these qualities largely through his inspired use of antiphonies. No one has ever employed double choirs and divided brass bands to more sumptuous effect. Twin speakers allow us to hear the spacious Gabrieli sonorities much as they were originally conceived for the divided choir stalls of St. Mark's Basilica.

These two recent discs provide a good Gabrieli sampling. The Vanguard concentrates on the composer's florid motets (so-called *Sacrae Symphoniae*) for double choirs, brass, and organ, while the DGG Archive confines itself to his instrumental canzonas and sonatas. Both are well recorded (Vanguard's more dramatically, but also less cleanly, than DGG's), and to my nonmusicological ears the performances in each seem excellent. Neither disc should be played straight through at one hearing; the music was not intended for wholesale consumption.

LEONCAVALLO: PAGLIACCI. Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, et al.; Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala, Lovro von Matacic, cond. (Angel, two records; mono or stereo.)

Franco Corelli, a young dramatic tenor who made a well-regarded debut at the Metropolitan this season, has the proper burnished metallic timbre for the role of Canio and some of the instincts of a fine mu-

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sician. If he could manage to sob less, he would move us more. Tito Gobbi is a singing actor first and a baritone second, and he brings so many fine points to bear in his portrayal of the frustrated Tonio that one easily forgives his now hollow-sounding top notes. Lucine Amara's jerky phrasing is less easy to forgive, but her Nedda is at least acceptable if not wholly commendable. The conducting is well defined and several notches above the usual opera-house routine, the chorus expectedly competent. Angel's recording—well staged for stereo—tends to get buzzy in loud passages. In sum, a good if not blemishless *Pagliacci.*

PERGOLESI: LA SERVA PADRONA. Renata Scotto, Sesto Bruscantini; I Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano, cond. (Mercury; mono or stereo.)

Pergolesi's little comic-opera *boutade* on an eighteenth-century servant problem is heard here in as spirited, graceful, and well-honed a performance as it is ever likely to receive. Scotto and Bruscantini play their parts with wit, warmth, and precision; Fasano and his men do superb justice to the vivacious lilt of the melodies; and the recording—made in Brescia's Teatro Grande—is of admirable clarity and liveliness.

Mercury's diligence in exploring the byways of early Italian comic opera yields somewhat less happy results with Rossini's *Il Cambiale di Matrimonio* (two records; mono or stereo). Here the Virtuosi and Miss Scotto are joined by the tenor Nicola Monti, the baritones Rolando Panerai and Renato Capecchi, and the basso Mario Petri. The execution is again highly polished and the over-all production—down to the charming silhouettes in the booklet and the antique wallpaper on the album box—is in estimable taste, but the music itself is strictly for *buffa* buffs. *Il Cambiale* engages our attention because it started the eighteen-year-old Rossini on his career, but its commonplace setting of a commonplace plot (miserly father, pretty daughter with mind of her own, rich and foolish old suitor, young but penniless lover, crafty servants) only hints at the subtle invention that would emerge six years later in *The Barber of Seville.*

—ROLAND GELATT

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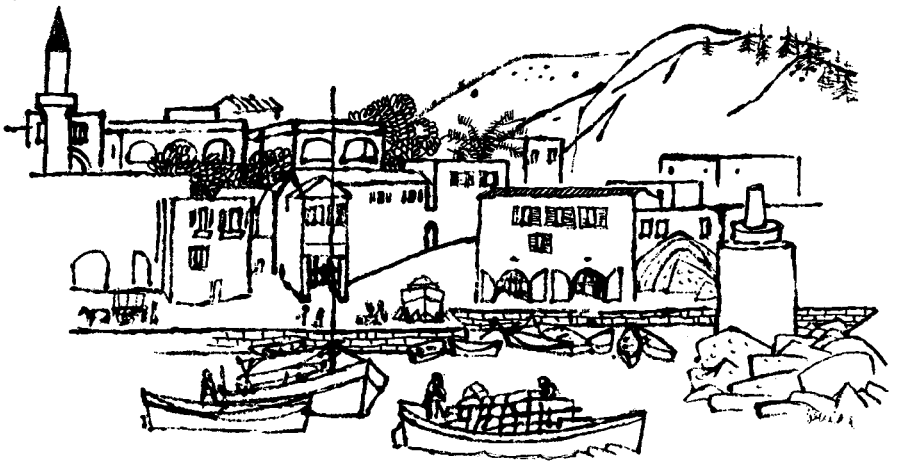

Where the Pharos Stood

ELIZABETH BOWEN

ALEXANDRIA, by E. M. Forster. *Anchor Books, Doubleday. 95¢.*

To capture a city in writing is not easy; to encompass it, one must know where to begin. By consent, the more ancient the city, the more complex—yet the spectacular modern may give off in its own way something mixed and intense: there can be more atmosphere to a city than age accounts for. Further, some aged cities have a deceptive trick of throwing centuries off and, in some lights, looking new-built and raw. Apart from those which dissimulate, there are cities whose core of mystery dodges the seeking eye. On the whole, cities' personalities are evasive; maybe one rates them more highly for that reason. The officially "ancient" are the most docile—*there* remain some few monuments, which, in their isolation, at once speak for and simplify the enormous past.

It is not so in Alexandria. Alexandria sends the sightseer home hungry—sites are to be determined by the lover or zealot, but little more. Two intersecting streets, still of importance, follow the courses of two wide main thoroughfares which, in their day, were columned from end to end—the marble's whiteness used to glare after dark. Otherwise there has been an obliteration of the original Greco-Egyptian grid plan. The Alexandria that was has been built over, incoherently, crowdedly, and loudly, by the Alexandria that has come to be. Visually, the first, renowned Alexandria leaves not a rack behind.

This was more than a city; it was a city-state, with the Greek as its prototype—accordingly, in itself a civilization. Unlike Athens or Rome, Alexandria never knew, or grew out of, primitive infancy. It was commanded into existence—immediate, adult, and dazzling—by Alexander the Great, who, having issued the order, went on, hot as ever for conquests and short of time. It seems he then completely forgot it. This, his "capital" on which he would never set eyes, later received and entombed the prodigy's body. Around the mausoleum, the city obediently flowered out into what he had wished—before, that was, he had abandoned the Greek dream (as he so rapidly did) for the Oriental. But Alexandria, at the then mouth of the Nile, seat of the Ptolemies, came to be more than a memorial to Greece; it was itself a being, with generic visions and fevers. There was something belated and autumnal about its flowering, to be cut across by the first, somewhat gaunt springtide of Christian faith. Here was unpriceable wealth, the world's greatest library, then or now—to be sacked and burned in mob ecstasy, headed by purging monks. Till the saints marched in, the cosmopolitan city

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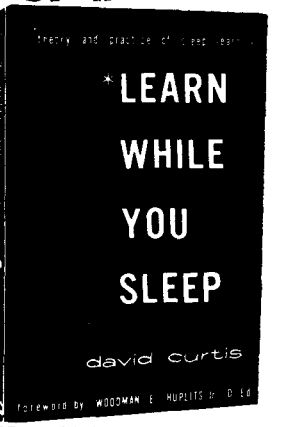

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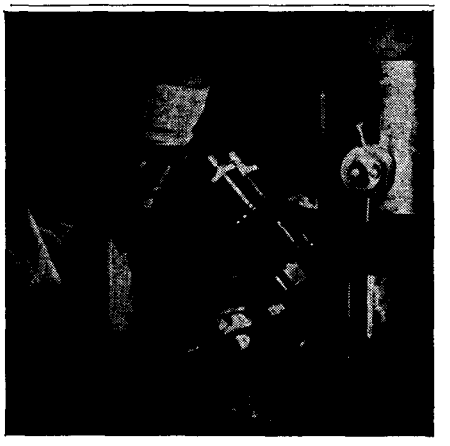

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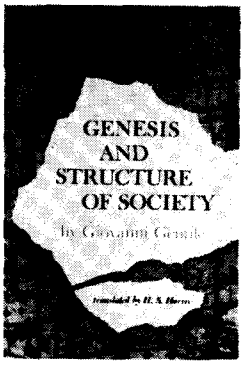

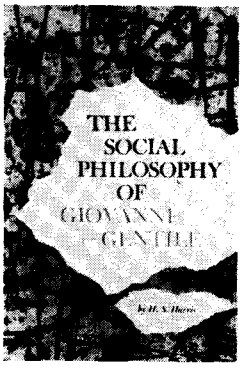

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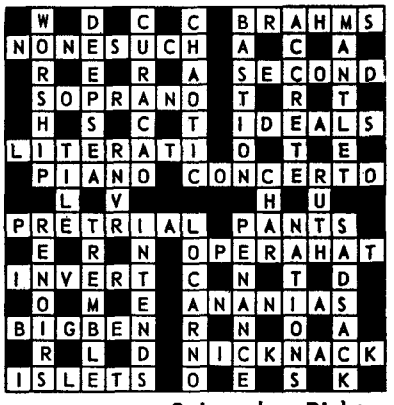

Acrostician Svia'oslov Richter

"When a man goes to jail for refusal to divulge, among other things, the number of bathrooms he has in his house, the lights have got pretty dim. In one way we almost—almost, mind you—hope that our associate editor and everyone else who defied the Census as he did will go to jail. As Thoreau said, in times when the government imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also the prison."

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had magnetized scholars, nurtured philosophers, bred poets. Fitly, here, out of virulent controversy, was forged a creed, a hard-edged dogma, a logic. This was the intellectual birthplace of Christianity.

ALEXANDRIA seems to have made for drama, or been made for it —not amphitheater drama but real life. Here, for instance, reigned Cleopatra. The climate, psychic or actual, maybe enlarged or electrified personalities. The city's strategic value as a key port made it a prize in all Mediterranean strife for power. Rome annexed it, and after Rome came the Arabs. French or Turkish ambition and British interference raged around it in almost unceasing play. It is now Egypt's. What adds pungency to its history is that through all runs a continuous vein of irony.

Alexandrian Alexandria, together with its world-wonder Pharos, accustomed to sweep the dark with symbolic ray, has vanished—as has Atlantis. In its place, a compost. This 2,250-year-old city, close-packed with races, rackets, and religions, seems to exclude ghosts. "So far as I know there is no monograph on Alexandria." Could one wonder? But the speaker was about to take up his pen.

The meeting between a writer and his subject, though inevitable, might also seem a matter of fortuity. It took the fortunes of war to bring E. M. Forster to Alexandria. The time was autumn of 1915. As a civilian who had volunteered for the Red Cross, the novelist found himself "dressed as a sort of officer," and in, moreover, a slightly heroic mood —Turkish invasion threatened: one might find oneself in the battle line. The threat passed, anticlimax set in. Here, for three years, he stuck to routine duties, unheroically safe through no fault of his. But there was compensation. In times off he shed his officer guise and sought renewal in his surroundings. "And it was thus that I apprehended the magic and the antiquity and the complexity of the city, and determined to write about her. A guidebook suggested itself. I have always respected guidebooks—particularly the earlier Baedekers and Murrays—and I tried to work in some history as well."

As an undertaking, this sounds

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modest. The outcome has been a beautiful job—a job, I repeat with awe, that is truly beautiful. Though the tone of modesty, of self-deprecation almost, is never lost. The narrative is direct, curt; the style is quick, light, concrete. There is occasional malice or a whimsical smile.

Alexandria is a slim volume. How, in so small a space, has the writer accomplished what I said at the outset to be so difficult—encompassed a city—and of all cities, maddening Alexandria? By means of art, plus a touch of sixth sense. "Art," though, is a fuzzy term when used in the Forster ambiance of precise vocabulary. Art, here, has within it experience, patience, and initiative.

For me, Mr. Forster comes near being the ideal writer, for this reason: that he not only knows (or has taught himself) what to do, but when to do it, and how to. *Alexandria,* the construction of which was a severe test, is a triumph of ability. Unostentatiously, this is a work of learning—lucid, for example, in its analysis of philosophies and religions. In the History part, this most dramatic of novelists rejoiced in the characters he confronted. As for irony, to him that is the breath of life. The Guide shows his passion for exactitude, also his tender respect for the preposterous—never a sneer! We have, too, his love of color (marigolds, painted buildings, flamingos); and, in the coastal and desert passages, his not mere view but vision of any landscape. It was well, for the city and the writer, that *Alexandria* came thus to be recreated.

This is the third edition of *Alexandria,* although its first publication in the United States. Where necessary, the Guide half has been brought up to date. Reading, one must not ignore the writer's instructions—to go to-and-fro between Parts I and II. "The 'History,'" he points out, "is written in short sections, and at the end of each are references to the second part, the 'Guide.' *On these references the utility of the book depends,* so the reader is begged to take special note of them." Good: so I did. But also, and simultaneously, one may need to be darting from one to another of the excellent maps. Holding the book *Alexandria* in my left hand, I found that my right required six fingers.

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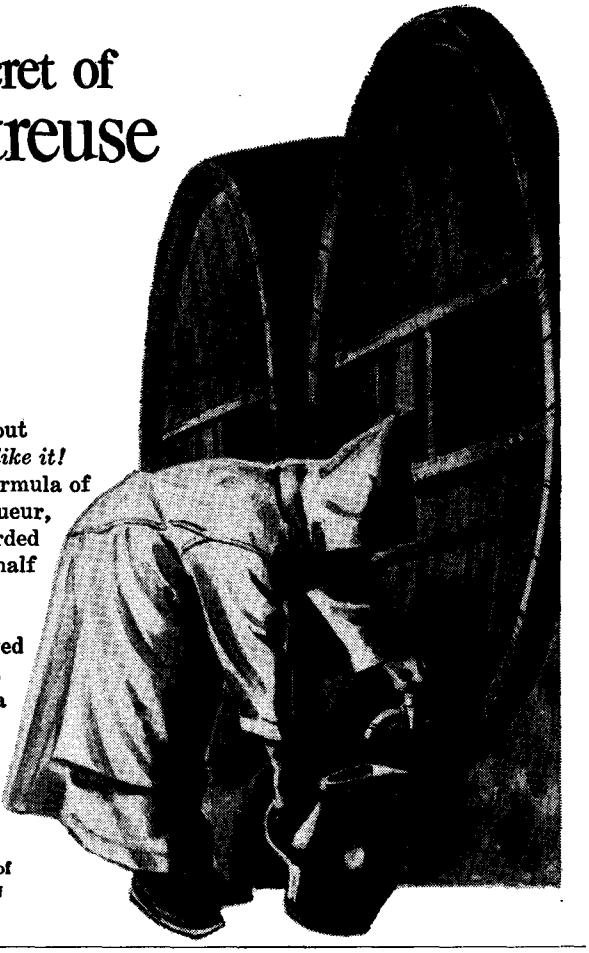

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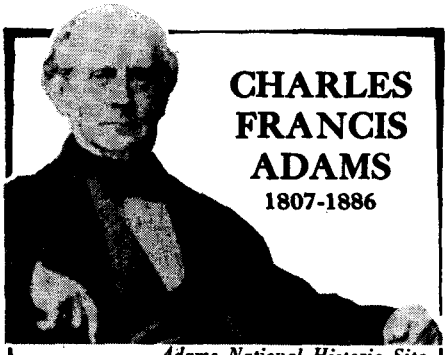

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Our Negro Segregationists

NAT HENTOFF

THE BLACK MUSLIMS IN AMERICA, by C. Eric Lincoln. *Beacon Press. $4.95.*

The patience of all classes of American Negroes has become short. Dr. Ralph Bunche's apologies for the rioters at the United Nations after Lumumba's death were angrily attacked by a number of Negro intellectuals. Where, asked Lorraine Hansberry, did Bunche receive "his *mandate* from our people to do so?" In the South, more and more student demonstrators are refusing bail and are rejecting compromises arranged by some of their more "moderate" leaders. In Monroe, North Carolina, Robert Williams, an opponent of passive resistance, has armed a section of the Negro community with much of his support coming from the poor and unskilled.

In the case of more than a hundred thousand members of Elijah Muhammad's Temples of Islam, there is no patience at all left for any coming to terms with the white man short of strict separation of the races and eventual economic and even political autonomy for American Negroes. After more than four years of research, Dr. C. Eric Lincoln, a professor of social philosophy at Clark College in Atlanta, has written the first full-scaled study of the bristlingly anti-white Black Muslims and their charismatic leader.

As a Negro, Lincoln was able to attend Muslim meetings from which whites are barred. He also held extensive interviews with Muhammad and other leaders of the sect as well as talks with many of the privates in Muhammad's legions. Lincoln is remarkably objective and shrewdly analytical while remaining aware of his own experience with the frustrations that have created the Black Muslims.

Dr. Lincoln is not so sure as most Negro leaders and journalists that the Black Muslims have reached their maximum strength. Muhammad himself has predicted the movement will contain a million followers by the end of 1961 and five million by the close of 1964. He now broadcasts regularly on at least seven radio stations throughout the country and is planning his own station, "The Voice of Islam broadcasting from the wilderness of North America." In December, 1960, there were sixty-nine temples or missions in twenty-seven states. The Muslims continue to establish more of their own businesses and add to their property, with real-estate holdings in Chicago alone of half a million dollars.

THE MEMBERSHIP is young ("up to eighty per cent of a typical congregation is between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five"); predominantly male; essentially lower class; and almost wholly American Negro. The Muslim schools focus on Negro history, thereby gaining respect and envy from many non-Muslims in the Negro community. Lincoln quotes a Nashville intellectual's fury at the white-oriented training received by most Negro children: "They grow up, and they don't know *who* the hell they are. They aren't white, and white rejects them. But white is all they know about. And you talk about adjustment! It's a wonder any of us survive!"

Lincoln is the first to make the ironic point that Muslim membership began to rise swiftly only after the white press had begun to cover Muhammad in 1959: "Muhammad's total following was then less than thirty thousand. A month after he had been 'discovered' by the mass media, his following had doubled, and it has continued to spiral ever since. Many of these magazines and newspapers sought to 'expose' Muhammad as 'a purveyor of cold black hatred' . . . with no real future. They underestimated his appeal to an important segment of the dissatisfied black masses, who, being born with a cause, needed only a leader."

In addition to the movement's increasing strength in numbers, Lincoln predicts that for political rather than religious reasons, Elijah Muhammad's "Lost-Found Nation in the West" will eventually be accepted by Moslem leaders abroad as a "legitimate" part of Islam, an event that would increase Muhammad's prestige among Negroes here. The Black

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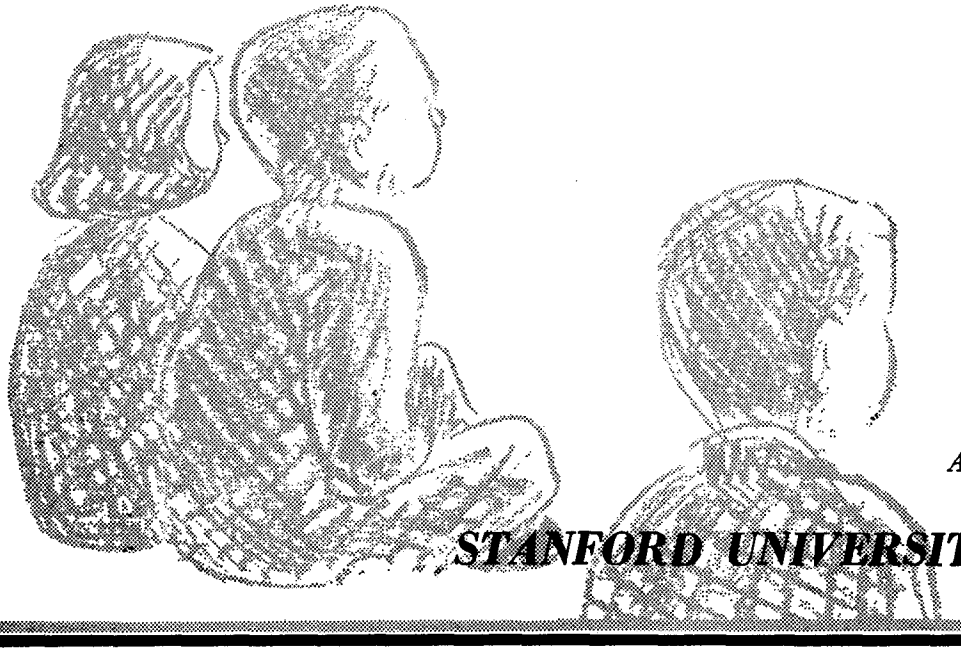

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Muslims are heterodox in their religious doctrines and observances, particularly in their racism, which is contrary to the traditional Moslem acceptance of converts of any color. They have been scorned by the small company (thirty-three thousand) of the orthodox in North America; but Muhammad was warmly received in the United Arab Republic a couple of years ago, and accepted an invitation to make a pilgrimage to Mecca that certified his acceptance as a true believer and greatly discomfited leaders of several rival and much less powerful sects in the Negro community.

LINCOLN'S BOOK includes a summary of previous Negro mass movements, a history of the Temples of Islam, and personality sketches of the major Muslim leaders. There are also the first detailed descriptions of the content of a characteristic Black Muslim meeting; the movement's methods of recruitment; its tables of organization; and something of its financial structure. His study is particularly useful in its analysis of the tensions outside and within the movement which may lead to its fragmentation after Muhammad's death. He speculates on the inevitable struggle for leadership:

"By the time of Muhammad's death, the Black Muslim Movement will presumably have increased to some hundreds of thousands of members. What with active tithing and the establishment of Muslim commercial enterprises, there will be a wealthy empire at stake." There will also be conflict between leaders who want the movement to become more "respectable" in fear of losing power and property and those who will push for even more radical racism. Lincoln also wonders how long the Muslim membership will accept the autocratic discipline of the ministers and their military arm, the Fruit of Islam.

Lincoln tends to underestimate, however, another force for disruption—the ultimate impact of disappointment on many of Muhammad's followers when they realize that the Prophet's promises of "land of our own" are rhetoric and that no amount of Negro-owned businesses and land will end interaction with and interdependence on the white majority. Muhammad has removed the comforts of Christianity from his lower class disciples ("There is no heaven or hell other than on earth for you and me, and Jesus was no exception"), but has replaced them with the vision of a promised land which he cannot fulfill ("The best solution is for everyone to go to his own country . . . . The native home of the white race is in Europe.")

"The young Negroes who are now flocking to the Black Muslims," Lincoln concludes, "are dissidents who know only how to hate because they have been surrounded by the symbols of hatred all their lives long. They are of serious concern to our society, which has created them, but they are far from representing a sizable portion of the Negro community as a whole." Yet, Lincoln emphasizes that the Muslims will continue to grow so long as complete integration is delayed anywhere in the country.

ELIJAH MUHAMMAD, therefore, has a number of years left in which to prosper. He will also benefit from the fact that memories of the past will not be easily or quickly blurred, even as integration becomes actual and whole. Murray Kempton of the New York *Post*, reporting the riot at the United Nations, told of the moment "when a large Muslim woman sat down, quite by mistake, in the wrong seat. The seat's prior occupant, a woman of no visible ill-will, touched her shoulder and begged her pardon but she was sitting in her seat. At which the lady addressed pushed the poor sister halfway across the room. A Muslim comrade said to her, 'Don't push people; be quiet; we've got a job to do.' At which she turned and said, 'I didn't push her, she pushed me.' She spoke with absolute sincerity. Obviously, any time she sat next to a white person, she felt pushed."

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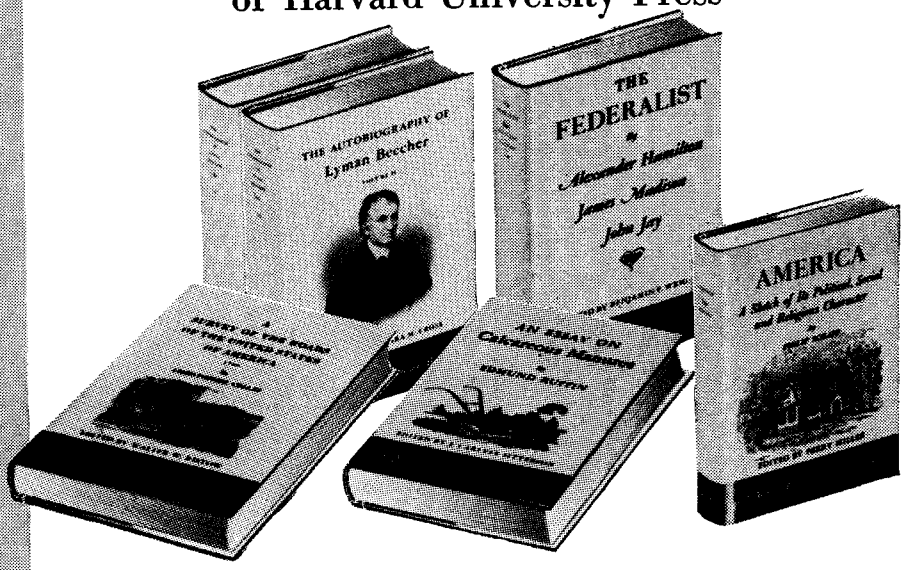

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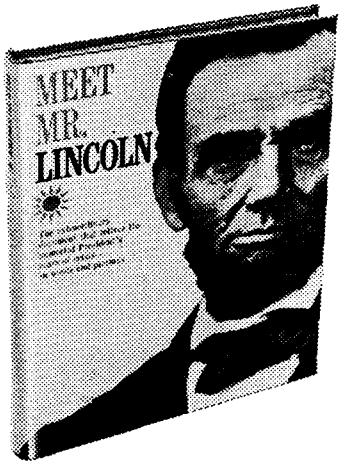

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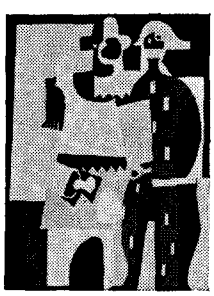

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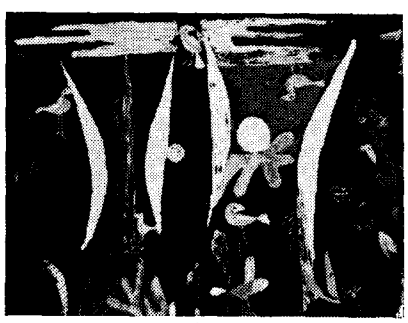

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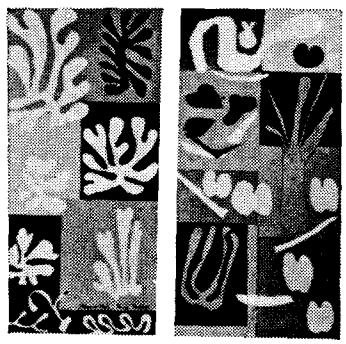

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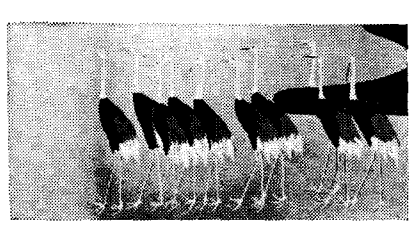

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THE LOST TOWNS AND ROADS OF AMERICA, by J. R. Humphreys. *Doubleday. $4.95.*

The Humphreys, husband and wife, drove a Volkswagen Kombi Camper 4,784 miles in forty-five days from Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, to Monterey, California. They kept off the throughways, freeways, and all other major highways in order to discover small towns and villages and travel the twisting roads that link them. Mr. Humphrey's account of this trip is unpretentious and delightful. When he feels like it he quotes, from Willa Cather, Whitman, or Sherwood Anderson, and this, when it is not a mark of the academic mind, is a sure sign of modesty. Sometimes, like Stendhal, he tells how much a meal cost him or a room; when someone says something of interest to him along the way he will repeat the conversation, but he does not find the sage of Concord in every hamlet; his trip, as the unliterary, as the real trip always is, becomes the account of what he has seen. The states he passed through need not be listed here; the towns he traveled through were visited at the expense of not seeing others, perhaps only a few miles, or a few states, to the north or the south of his route.

There must have been a period before he set out in which he suffered from that modern malady, the compulsion to research; he went to the New York Public Library and started looking at old maps. The result provides a pleasant introductory chapter on the impossibility of finding what he was looking for. In the end he depended mostly, like the rest of us, on the road maps one picks up at gas stations. They showed all the cities and all the roads he must avoid if he were to find the contact with the past, the sense of timelessness, and the pleasures he sought.

HE FOUND them. Again and again all that is needed to describe them is the simple declarative sentence: "When we went into the drugstore, an old man had been sitting out front and when we left, he was still there. He was in his nineties, at least, and he was sitting in a chair he'd tilted back against the store front, and he had his face turned up into the sunlight, his eyes closed; his cane leaned against the wall beside him." That was in Pennsylvania. When this sort of detail interests the traveler, his story will be human, not concocted. After thousands of miles Mr. Humphreys is in Nevada; the town is Panaca: "There were shade trees and houses hidden in shade and foliage. And up the street came a boy mounted on the back of a big bay horse. He was riding barefooted and bareback, and a mongrel dog trotted along in the dust beside him."

If the author is unashamed to note such simple images, it is only fair to add that he is unafraid of occasional lyricism. This time he is in Iowa: "Across the highway, a country road ran off between deep fields toward a barn and a farm, and I found myself thinking: We're the bridge. I mean by that . . . all of my generation. We might not remember the pioneer days, but our grandparents did, and we remember their memory of it. We saw, in them, the edge of it; and we touch that edge as well as the edge of the age just ahead. But we're all of us, all generations, bridges touching the edge of some earlier era—feeling the swell of time like a sea within us, feeling the strange sea depths of time below, and the frightful beauty and loneliness of eternity on every side." That is the kind of reflection a man has to get off his chest once in a while, no matter how devoted he may be to the visual—the ninety-six pages of photographs are as clear and simple as the author's prose—moreover, it is a traditionally American sort of consideration that arises naturally, not forced, in the mind of the traveler driving across the Kansas prairie land and the unchanging prairie towns.

There seems to be no end to the flood of books about American rivers, plains, mountains, highways, byways, cities, towns, and villages. One hopes that there will be no end to it, and that as many as possible of the books that are going to be written will be as good as this one.

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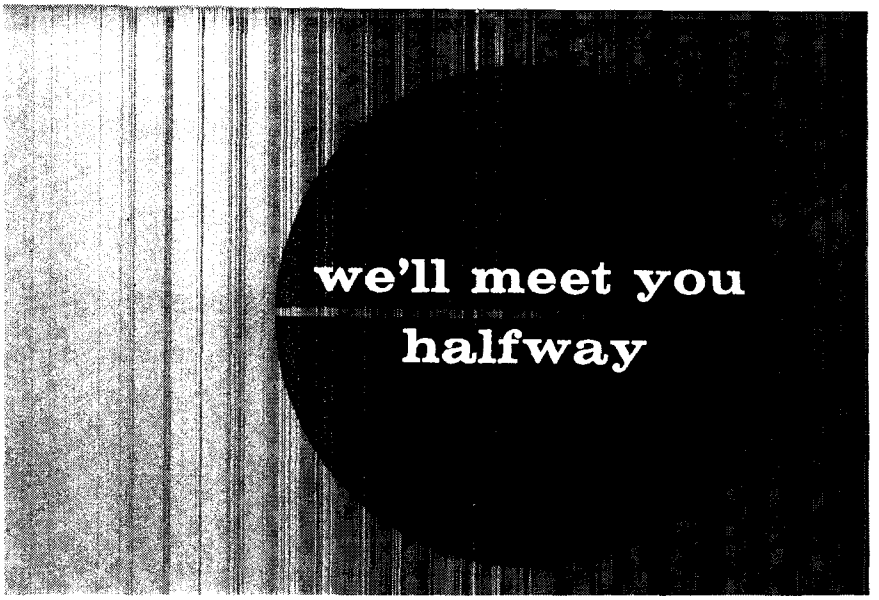

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Napoléon donnant l'ordre avant la Bataille d'Austerlitz. Peinture par Antoine Charles Vernet. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

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